

THE SILENT WORKER



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This Magazine
belongs
to
You.

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1926



The Season's Greetings



At this season of the year
our thoughts turn to those on
our subscription list and those
friends who have helped make
the Silent Worker bigger and
better.

Therefore, all the members in
our organization wish to express
to you ~ and yours, ~ Hearty
Greetings and Best Wishes for

A Merry Christmas
and

A Prosperous New Year

The Silent Worker
Trenton, N. J.



The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

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Deaf Persons of Note



A. L. Pach photo.

*Marcus L. Kenner, Commercial Printer and Ex-Editor of the defunct Jewish Deaf; also Insurance Agent.
He is one of the leading deaf men of New York City*



After the unveiling—the foreign delegates and their Spanish hosts.

Fete in Honor of Fray Pedro Ponce De Leon Madrid, May 14-17, 1926

By Kelly H. Stevens

Official Delegate of the N. A. D.

ANTEDATING the work of the Abbe de l'Epee by more than two centuries a Spanish Benedictine in the quiet of his monastery discovered a method of teaching the deaf to speak, to read the lips, to read, and to spell upon the fingers. This good friar, Pedro Ponce de Leon, is certainly the father of the combined method and the inventor of the manual alphabet. And, until the unveiling of a memorial statue to him in Madrid on May 15, less had been done by the deaf to honor him than any other of their benefactors.

The thirteenth of May an interesting group of deaf people were found on the train between Paris and Madrid. These were the French delegates, Messrs. Gaillard, Graff, Herouard and Mlle. Colas, the Belgian delegate Monsieur Robert Dresse, together with Madame Dresse and their son and daughter, and the writer, appointed by President Roberts to represent the N. A. D. at the coming dedication. A day and a night brought the party to the Spanish capital where a numerous group of Madrid deaf, headed by the president of their association, Don Ramon de Zubiaurre, received them with literally open arms.

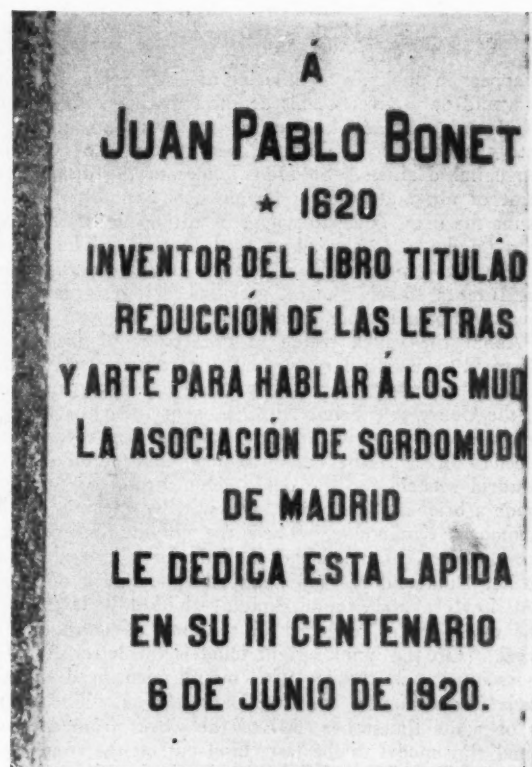
The opening reception was held in the rooms of the Madrid Association of the Deaf the evening of May 14. It was one of the most cosmopolitan gatherings of the

deaf ever seen. The Spanish deaf, from all the cities and provinces of Spain were in the majority—in addition, as guests of honor there were French, Belgians, Italians, and one representative each from Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, Argentina, and the United States. In a conspicuous place hung a flower-decked portrait of Navarrete the great deaf-mute painter of the court of Phillip II, four hundred years ago—this reception was in his memory. Rare wines, liqueurs and sweet-meats were tendered the guests. Here the delegates were presented to the Honorable Don Francisco Garcia Molinas, a hearing gentleman and honorary president of the Association. (In a country like Spain where so much hangs on privilege and position it is necessary for the deaf to seek powerful patronage for their organization. They found this in Senor Molinas, Senator of the Kingdom. Immensely rich, of philanthropic inclinations, the Senator lost by death his wife and all his children. Left alone he turned more and more to his philanthropic enterprises, became judge of a children's court, head of an organization to succor the homeless and poor children of Madrid, and, becoming interested in the deaf, he lent his protection and influence not only to the *Association de Sordomudos*, but to the two schools for the deaf which exist in Madrid.)

The fifteenth of May was the great



The dedicatory tablet on the front of the pedestal. Translation: To Fray Pedro Ponce de Leon inventor of the pure oral method of teaching deaf mutes to speak, read, write and count, the Association of Deaf Mutes of Madrid dedicate this monument on his four hundredth anniversary, 6 of June 1920.



Tablet to Juan Pablo Bonet on back of Pedestal. Translation: "To Juan Pablo Bonet, born 1620, author of the book entitled "Formation of Letters and Art of Speaking to the Deaf." The association of Deaf Mutes of Madrid dedicates this tablet on his third centenary, June 6, 1620."

solemnly with a low mass for the repose of the soul of Fray Pedro, held in *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*. The mass was well-attended, the church being packed to the doors with the deaf and their friends. The crowd then made their way to Retiro Park for the unveiling.

After the Royal Palace, Retiro Park is considered the most beautiful spot in Madrid. It is certainly one of the most extensive and beautiful parks in all the world. Here, where the intersection of two shady avenues forms a circular space, the deaf people of Spain had erected their tribute to their first benefactor. No better location could be wished for—the statue is placed in a circle of magnificent trees, with stone benches under them, while beds of bright flowers and smooth lawns extend on every side.

Formerly the site was occupied by an ornamental garden statue. A few years ago the Madrid deaf obtained leave, through the municipal council of Madrid to make use of the site. They removed the garden statue but retained the pedestal, it being toned by time to a beautiful color and texture. On the sixth of June, 1920, two memorial tablets were placed on the base, the one in front in honor of Pedro Ponce de Leon, the other at the back of Juan Pablo Bonet. This explains the disparity in date between the placing of the tablet to the Spanish friar and the unveiling of the finished monument.

The hope of the Madrid deaf was to have the king himself, or, failing him, his deaf son, Don Jaime, officiate at the ceremony. The king declined. As for Don Jaime, Queen Victoria objected—she did not wish him



The statue—against a leafy background.

to appear in public in a gathering of deaf people. To do so would only advertise his deafness to the world—as if it were not already known the world round, together with the continued failure of her attempts to cure his congenital deafness. So Don Jaime, to the disappointment of all, and possibly his own, was not present to honor the man, grace to whose invention he himself had been taught to speak and to read the lips. The Royal Family was represented by the sister of the king's father, the Infanta Isabel, a sweet grey-haired lady, greatly beloved in Spain for her good works.

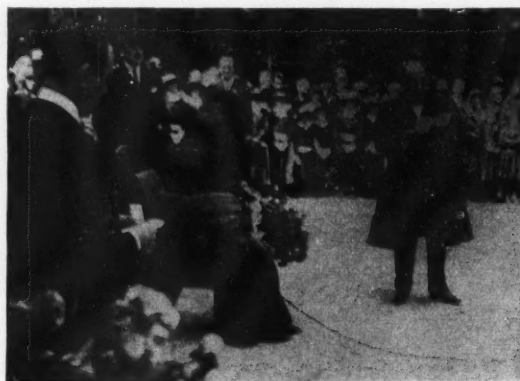
About the veiled statue in the center of the Plaza Costa Rica was a large group—nearest the statue the Infanta, grouped around her were various gentlemen of the Court, and Senor Molinas, near them the foreign delegates, bearing wreaths of flowers, and beyond the roped - in area the deaf of Spain and pupils of the Madrid schools for the deaf. Don Francisco Molinas made a brief address orally, followed by one in signs by Ramon de Zubiaurre. Then the culminating moment came. The Infanta Isabel pulled the silk cord ready to her hand and the red and yellow standard of Spain slid slowly to the ground exposing the kindly features of the monk Pedro, engaged in teaching a young boy to speak. On the monk's right hand is the letter A. He looks intently at the boy who, mouth open, head slightly back, is enunciating the long Latin A—*ah*. The statue is of white limestone. All of the work, from the original clay model to the last chisel cut on the stone, was done by Don Manuel Iglesias, the deaf sculptor, as a labor of gratitude and love.

The Infanta's tribute, a bunch of red carnations, was placed upon the statue, then wreaths bearing the colors of Spain, Italy, Belgium, France, and the United States, were laid reverently at its foot. Brief addresses were made by Henri Gaillard of France, Robert Dresse of Belgium, and Guisepe Prestini of Italy. Due to the infirmity of the aged Infanta and the short time at her disposal, the speeches of the other delegates were reserved until the evening. The ceremony ended when the foreign delegates came forward to be presented to the Princess—one by one they came to bow and kiss her hand.

Next morning, the Madrid newspapers and rotogravure journals gave considerable publicity to the unveiling.

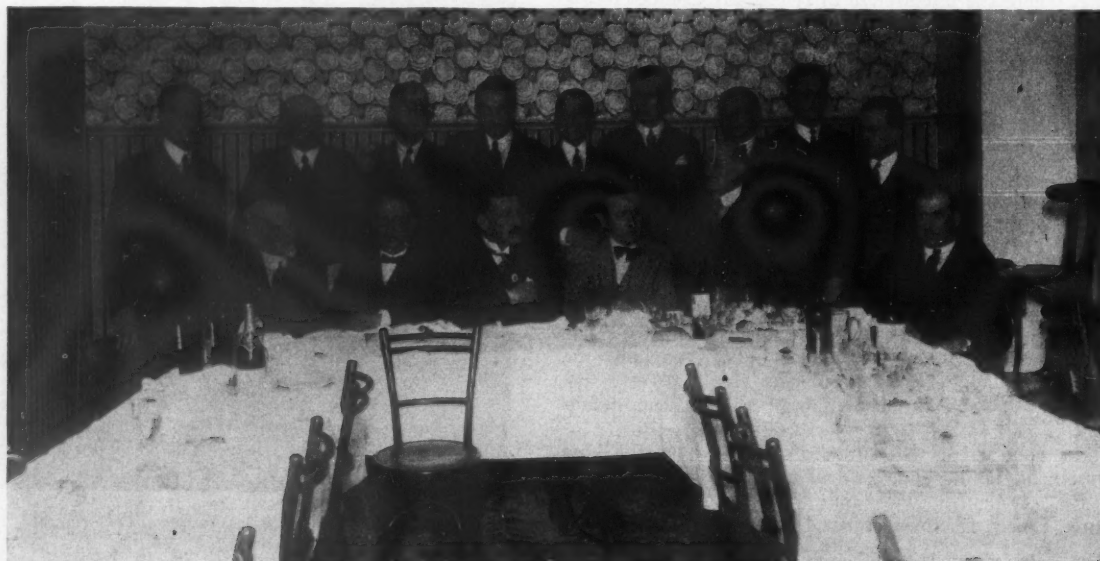
But in Spain, as in the United States, the press never fails in its stupidity—one journal printed a picture of the statue with the words: "Statue unveiled in Retiro Park yesterday in honor of Pedro Ponce de Leon inventor of the method to teach the blind!"

The same day was utilized to do honor to Navarrete. The event that afternoon was a collective visit to the Prado, the finest if not the largest, art gallery in the world. Here the wealth of Spain, during the centuries when she was mistress of the world has assembled the choicest collection of paintings in Europe or America. And here we assembled to view the works of the first



At the unveiling. Don Francisco Garcia Molinas reading the inaugural address. Seated is the Infanta Isabel. At the extreme left Ramon de Zubiaurre.

deaf-mute painter to become known—Fernando de Navarrete called "*El Mudo*," the court painter of Philip II and author of most of the enormous canvases which adorn the Escorial Palace. In an upper room of the Prado the three paintings by Navarrete which the Prado possesses were placed on easels. Valentin de Zubiaurre told briefly of the history of the celebrated deaf painter. A translation of this address will shortly appear in the *WORKER*. After thus rendering homage to the memory of Navarrete, worthy precursor of the de Zubi-



The delegates and the organizing committee at Las Delicias after the banquet in honor of Senor Iglesias.



The excursion to Toledo. The group in the courtyard of the former royal palace.

aurres, Redmond, and Washburn, the crowd scattered through the Prado to view its treasures.

That evening there assembled at the finest hotel in Madrid, the Palace, one hundred and fifty guests for the Banquet of Honor. In the chair of honor sat Don Francisco García Molinas, near him the active committee composed of Manuel Iglesias, Ramon and Valentin de Zubiaurre, and Juan de Ibarrondo, and the guests of honor for the evening, Senora de Zubiaurre y Aguirrezabal, mother of the Zubiaurres, Senora de Zubiaurre, wife of Ramon, Senora de Guterrez, sister of the Zubiaurres Mlle. Colas of Paris, and the foreign delegates, Messrs. Gaillard, Graff, Dresse, Prestini, Stevens, Herouard, Crolard and Terry. The table, lavishly set with silver and crystal, and heaped with pink roses, set off beautifully the silks and jewels of the ladies and the more somber full dress of the men. It was the most perfectly appointed and served banquet the writer has attended; the cuisine lacked nothing, the wines were rich and rare, the champagne the finest.



Groups of deaf Spanish school children at the unveiling.

With the pouring of the liqueurs the speech-making began, led by Ramon de Zubiaurre as toastmaster. Valentin de Zubiaurre gave a resume of the enterprise so successfully concluded that morning. His speech was followed by appreciations from Messrs. Dresse, Graff, Stevens and Hauner. The American delegate paid a feeling tribute to the Spanish explorers and colonists who were first to open up America to civilization to Fray Pedro Ponce de Leon from whom, by way of the Abbe de l'Epee and the Gallaudets education of the deaf spread to the New World, and to the Sculptor Don Mannel Iglesias whose patience and generosity had made possible the memorial. At the head of the table was the original plaster model of the statue, surrounded by flowers. At the close of his speech the delegate placed at the foot of this statue the American flag, an act which brought the entire company to its feet to applaud. It was a *beau geste* which took the Latin heart completely.

The next morning, May 16, a large crowd numbering more than one hundred and fifty left the Atocha Station for a collective excursion to the City of Toledo. The Imperial City of Toledo, said to be the oldest city in Europe, and one of Spain's age-old wonders, is not many hours from Madrid. The trip down was very pleasant, the crowd in jolly humor, rich and poor, mingled alike in third class carriages. Arrived at the Toledo Station in the valley, we commandeered auto busses which rattled us up to the rocky height, surrounded on three sides by the River Tagus, on which Toledo stands. The entire company gathered in the courtyard of the former Royal Palace, now a military barracks and museum. A group picture was taken, then the party broke up into numerous smaller parties, each under care of a guide, to explore the streets and by-ways of this dead and mysterious city. We saw the great cathedral, one of the finest in Europe, the Church of San Tome where hangs El Greco's masterpiece, the House of El Greco—the great-

est of Spanish painters, and various nooks and corners of interest.

At noon the guests clambered down the rocky heights from the city to a country inn. Here a great out-of-door dinner, similiar to the barbecue feasts of our Southwest had been spread in the courtyard of the Inn. The meal was unique both in its setting and the character of the dishes served. Savory peasant cooking accompanied by racy red wine. Overhead a cloudless sky, sunshine reflected by the white walls of the patio.

In the afternoon the exploration of the ancient city recommenced afresh. A tired but cheerful crowd took the late afternoon train back to Madrid.

The morning of the last day, May the 17th, the guests were free to do as they listed. Many seized the opportunity to see more of the city of Madrid, which



Groups of deaf artists in Retiro Park after the unveiling. Europe, North America and South America are represented.

had charmed all with its gaiety and light, its beautiful, avenues lined with flowers and palms, its fountains, squares and gardens. The afternoon held what was for the foreign delegates the most novel and exciting feature of the program—the bullfight. To the Spanish it was much the same as with the American convention which winds up with field events or a trip to the ball parks. The foreign delegates went with some uncertainty. Would it be an ordeal or a sport? Could



Toledo—the al fresco dinner.

they sit through the entire performance? They could and did.

It was the King's birthday and the "fight" was in his honor, tho' he was not present. A vast crowd filled the

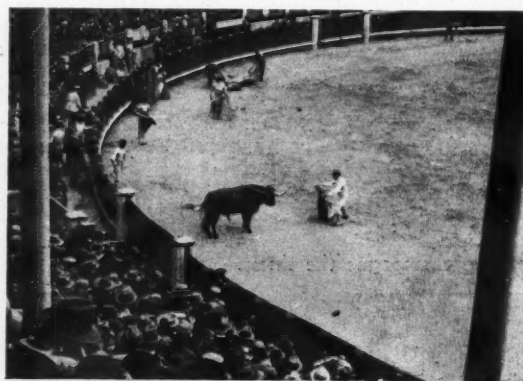
subway, the surface cars, and every available taxi was loaded to the gunwale with people hastening to the bull ring. By five o'clock the great amphitheater was filled. Due to the inability of the deaf to reserve a special block of seats it was necessary to scatter all



Toledo—another view of the out-of-door dinner, showing Valentin de Zubiaurre's contagious smile.

around the arena in small groups. The writer sat between Valentin and Ramon de Zubiaurre, in a group with the French and Belgians.

In the royal box, within view of us all sat the Prince of the Asturias, heir to the throne and his brother Don Jaime, the deaf prince. Once he turned his head in our direction—thereafter he took surreptitious glances. Did the royal stripling wish that he, like us, might be free to go where he would, to make friends where he would and to enjoy the inestimable boon of the sign language? Those watching saw a frown of annoyance cross the face of the heir apparent when his deaf brother spoke to him. He made the impatient sign, finger on lips, for "hush." Evidently Don Jaime's voice is not pleasant to hear. One of the attending gentlemen of the court bent over the royal deafling, touched his shoulder and with a smile and a reproving shake, made the same sign. Poor royal captive, burdened not only with deafness, but hemmed round with the etiquette of a court and the too watchful but well-meaning care of a mother desirous of restoring him to society. Not one of us,



Scenes at the bull fight.

down below his box, would desire the prince's proud and empty position.

With a blare of bands the company of bull-fighters marched into the arena and the afternoon's sport began. Sport? To those of us not Spanish it was only a cruel, needless slaughter. But it had power to grip the heart—to thrill. There were feats of wonderful agility, deeds of daring; for example, when Lalanda the great matador awaited, kneeling, the charge of the bull, great excitement when two men came within a hair's breadth of

death. There was light, color, action, and sang froid to relieve the sordidness and horror of the death of innocent horses. It was a remarkable performance which none of us would have cared to miss.

An evening reception of farewell in the rooms of the *Association de Sordomudos* ended the festivities officially. After the farewell reception the men took themselves to *Las Delicias*, a famous Madrid restaurant, where a banquet had been arranged in honor of Senor Iglesias. It began at 9:30. It was not until the early hours of morning that the flow of soul ended. The speeches and toasts were innumerable—it was impossible for the many friends of kindly Don Mannel to do him too much honor.

The events listed on the official program were not the only ones which the delegates enjoyed. Our Spanish hosts vied with each other to entertain them. There were three teas given in their honor—one at the studio of Valetin de Zubiaurre, one at the studio of Ramon de Zubiaurre, and one at the home of Senor Iglesias. There were numerous private affairs. And in between times were the cafe sessions held in the famous *Cafe Granja* where all might come and join freely in the discussion over the ices and coffee.

Those of the delegates, counting the N. A. D. delegate, who could afford to remain over another week were entertained at various unofficial events. These were a sumptuous dinner at the home of Valentin de Zubiaurre, another bullfight, an all day excursion to the Escorial, a visit to the Royal Palace to view the Royal Chapel, the Chapel Treasury, the State Apartments and the Royal Stables and Armory; a visit to the palace of the Duke of Alba, and a bohemian dinner in a picturesque inn in old Madrid.

In compliment to the N. A. D. and its interest in the unveiling, the American delegate was elected on honorary member of the *Association de Sordomudos*. This honor was also given to Messrs. Gaillard, Graff and Dresse in token of their life-long labors in behalf of the deaf of their countries.

It was in every respect a most delightful convention from start to finish. To four men, whose untiring labors made the convention such a success, all the credit belongs. They formed the organization committee: to wit.

RAMON DE ZUBIAURRE.
VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE.
MANUEL IGLESIAS.
JUAN DE IBARRONDO.

Speech Made by Valentin De Zubiaurre at the Prado on the Fourth Centenary of Navarrette

(Translated by Kelly H. Stevens)

Juan Fernando Navarrette, born at Logrono, province of Castile in 1526, became deaf at the age of three years and for this reason was not able to learn to speak. His father did not know what to do with this child who spent his time in drawing on all the walls in the house and sent him to the school of the Monastery of Jeronimo de la Estrela, where the monk Fray Vicente, who had a fair knowledge of painting, initiated him into the principles of the art.

Later, following the advice of the monks, Navarrette went to Italy where he spent many years in the leading cities. In Venice he worked in the studio of Titian who at that time caused a drawing closer between Venetian art and Spanish painting.

One does not at once attach great importance to his productions of that era, tho' it seems that several Italian painters, seeing his work in Spain long after, were astonished to behold what Navarrette had accomplished during his Italian sojourn.

It was not until 1568 that Navarrette returned to Spain. He was presented to the king by means of the chaplain Luis Manrique, who solicited for the painter entrance into the service of Philip II, who judged of his talent by a small picture "The Baptism of Christ" which is still in the Prado Museum. The subject is too well known to describe it; the work is minute; and one finds in it a strong influence of the Florentine School at the commencement of the Sixteenth Century.

From that time Navarrette was made painter of the palace. Aside from what he earned from the sale of his pictures, he had a pension of two hundred ducats. The eleven years following, the last he was destined to live, were consecrated to work for the Escorial. He changed his method and style, acquiring a freedom of brush and a vigor which he did not have in his earlier works like the "Baptism of Christ". At the monastery of the Escorial we may see among the works of Navarrette two famous

figures in black and white which serve as background for a "Christ" attributed to Cellini.

"St. Jerome Penitent" is one of his most important pictures, still of an Italian character, but of an art more advanced than that which inspired at first this great Spanish painter. He is still minute in his work. One sees it in the tree at the left, in the landscape beyond, and in almost all the accessories, but the conception is grander, more independant, more Spanish; one feels the same way about the Martyrdom of St. James the Greater" which is in the Escorial Museum.

A little later, in his "Holy Family", a work where realism already dominates, he keeps his composition and his line still Italian, but gives to his people a simple and realistic character. In a "Martyr", likewise in the Escorial, one finds his early effects enhanced by great feeling and by a true boldness of execution in his opposition of light and dark.

It was at this time, realizing that the imposing and majestic mass of the Escorial lacked compositions and decorations of suitably large proportions, that Navarrette bent his efforts to that end, to which he consecrated his last years. "The Flagellation of Christ" should be considered as an attempt in this line; in his composition one sees those qualities which almost border on complete mastery—but, was the artist to attain his end?

King Philip II expressed the desire that Navarrette should be charged with the decoration of the Escorial because Coello, Carbajal, and other Spanish artists of this time were not successful in meeting necessary conditions and did not possess adequate technique nor style. Alas, the poor artist was not able to prove his worth; Navarrette was stricken down by death in 1579, aged only fifty three years. He departed among unanimous regrets, appreciated by all as a great painter, as a man of great culture, and an extraordinary natural talent.

The Deaf in Czechoslovakia

William B. Hauner

PRAGUE (Praha) the beautiful metropolis of the Czechoslovak Republic is the seat of several societies and associations of the deaf. The oldest of all is the "Mutual Society" founded in 1868 by the noble and philanthropic deaf man, Vaclav Wilczek.

Formerly all associations contained both Czech and German members. When, in 1918, the Austrian Monarchy was dismembered and the Czechoslovaks received their independence after a suppression of three hundred years, the German deaf separated themselves from the Czechoslovak deaf and founded their own societies and clubs. The German clubs are: *The Free Association of Deaf-Mutes*; *The Society of Deaf and Hard of Hearing Jews*, and the *Federation of German Deaf of the Czechoslovak Republic*, which has its branches in many countries where Germans predominate, especially in the towns of Brunn, Mahr Ostrau, Leitmeritz, Carlsbad, Eger, Teplice, Reichenberg, etc.

Other societies in Prague, belonging to the Czechs are the *Theatrical Club*, and the *Sporting Club of the Deaf*. The newest of all is the *Ephphatha* founded in 1925 for persons who became deaf when adults and for the hard-of-hearing.

Other local societies for the deaf, where the Czech language only is used are in Plzen, C. Budejovice, Hradec Králové, Brno, Mahr, Ostrau, Valasske Mezirici, etc. Plzen and Brno have homes for the aged deaf of these towns and for the aged deaf of several other places which have no homes for them. Brno has just bought a large farm in Slovakia as a communal farm for deaf persons.

All the societies of the Deaf in the Czechoslovak Republic are amalgamated in the *Czechoslovak Federation of the Societies of Deaf-Mutes* whose home offices are in Prague. The president is Mr. B. Bazil. In 1921, on the occasion of its founding, the First Congress of Czechoslovak Deaf took place in Prague and was attended by more than six hundred deaf.

The Federation was represented in the *International Congress of the Deaf in Liege, Belgium*, in 1924, and our delegates suggested that the next international meeting should be held in Prague in 1928.

This invitation was accepted by other representatives

and the congress will take place in Prague in 1928 on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the *Mutual Society of Prague* mentioned above. The president of the Society is Mr. J. Cap.

There are several newspapers for the deaf in Czechoslovakia. The first two were founded in 1918. They are both in the Czech language—"Noviny pro hluchoněmce" in Moravia, edited and directed by the teachers of the deaf; "Obzor Hluchoněmých" in Prague, edited and directed by the Association for the Care of the Deaf in the Czechoslovak Republic. The third Czech newspaper for the deaf is a new journal, the "Svepomoc Hluchoněmých," founded this year. It is entirely written and edited by the deaf. The editor in chief, a deaf man, is Mr. B. Bazil. So is the foreign editor, Mr. William B. Hauner.

The German deaf-mutes have their own newspapers: *Die Taubstummen Presse*, the organ of the *German Federation of the Deaf in Czechoslovakia*, and another edited by the principal of the boarding school for the deaf in Leitmeritz.

There is a professional newspaper for the Czech teachers of the deaf, *Revue pro Vychovu Hluchoněmých*. Some of our boarding schools have their own small newspapers for deaf children. Those who became deaf as adults and the hard of hearing have a journal *Ephphatha* founded this year to serve their Society—the *Ephphatha*.

It is interesting to note that there is in Prague a young deaf dancer. Miss Mobi Urbanova, a girl of eleven years, who has given many public performances for charity, and appeared in amateur theatricals. Later, there will be a special article about this young girl.

The writer, representing the Czechoslovak deaf cordially invites the editors of the American journals for the deaf, and

the representatives of the societies of the deaf to participate in our *International Congress of the Deaf in Prague* in 1928.

For our Congress we have chosen as the most suitable time, July 5—9 inclusive, from Thursday until Monday. The alternative, in case we must change the date, will be September 28 to October 2. July 5 and 6, as well as September 28, are national fete days, and our visitors will find Prague at her best, regardless of which period is finally chosen for the Congress. Special programs in English will be sent later on.



Mr. William B. Hauner

Mr. William B. Hauner, artistic bookbinder, Secretary General of the Society for Mutual Help of the Deaf of Prague, and foreign editor of the "Svepomoc Hluchoněmých." This young man is one of the liveliest deaf men on the continent of Europe, and is popular and well-known in Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid and Vienna. He has a good knowledge of French, and uses English extremely well, as evinced by this article which he wrote especially for the SILENT WORKER. His native tongue is Czech. In 1924 he was Czech delegate to the International Congress of the Deaf in Liege, 1925 delegate to the special congress of French Societies in Paris, and in 1926 delegate at the unveiling of the Ponce de Leon statue in Madrid.—

K. H. S.

With the awakening national consciousness which followed on the independence of Czecho-Slovakia came a revival of democratic institutions. National aspirations, long crushed under the heel of the Austrian monarchy came suddenly to life. The Czechs determined to make their republic a success in every way. They paid special attention to the reorganization of their educational system, realizing that good schools are the foundation of the state. The education of the deaf received great impetus. Appropriations were given for new buildings,

good teachers secured, salaries raised. In fact the Czech schools for the deaf emerged revived from the war chaos.

Last year a grant was made for a splendid new build-



The Deaf Theatrical Club of Prague. Standing from left to right: Mr. M. Roschel, Mr. V. Hauner, Mr. J. Myska, Mr. R. Crhan and Mr. J. Hladecek. Seated from left to right: Miss V. Novotna, Miss Moli Urbanova (deaf dancer) and Miss L. Fialova.



The Presidents of Societies of the Deaf in the Czechoslovak Republic

1. Mr. V. Hornof, president of Tourist-club of Prague; 2. Mr. J. Myska, president of Theatrical club of Prague; 3. Mr. B. Bazil, president of Society of C. Budejovice, and chairman of Federation in C S R; 4. Mr. J. Riha, president of Sporting club of Prague 5 and 7. The presidents of the German Societies of Teplice & Chomutov; 6. Mr. V. Hrbek, president of union of Brno; 8. Mr. K. Zavodsky, president of Society of Hradec Kralove; 9. Mr. J. Zach, president of Society of Plzen; 10. Mr. J. Cap, president of Society of Prague.



Theatrical Club of Deaf-Mutes of Prague.

From left to right: Mr. Myska, Mr. Hauner, Miss Novotna, Miss Fialova, Mr. Crhan and Mr. Roschel.



View of Prague.

ing for the National Institution in Prague. It was opened on October 16 this year. On October 28, Czecho-Slovakia Independence Day, it was formally dedicated to the service of the deaf children of the Czech State. The building is very large, comfortable, and modern throughout.

The Theatrical Club of the Deaf of Prague is an organization of bright young people who wish to study the drama. They stage and costume their own productions. Successful performances have been given of "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It." The members get a great deal of enjoyment out of their club work and social gatherings, turn about, in their homes.

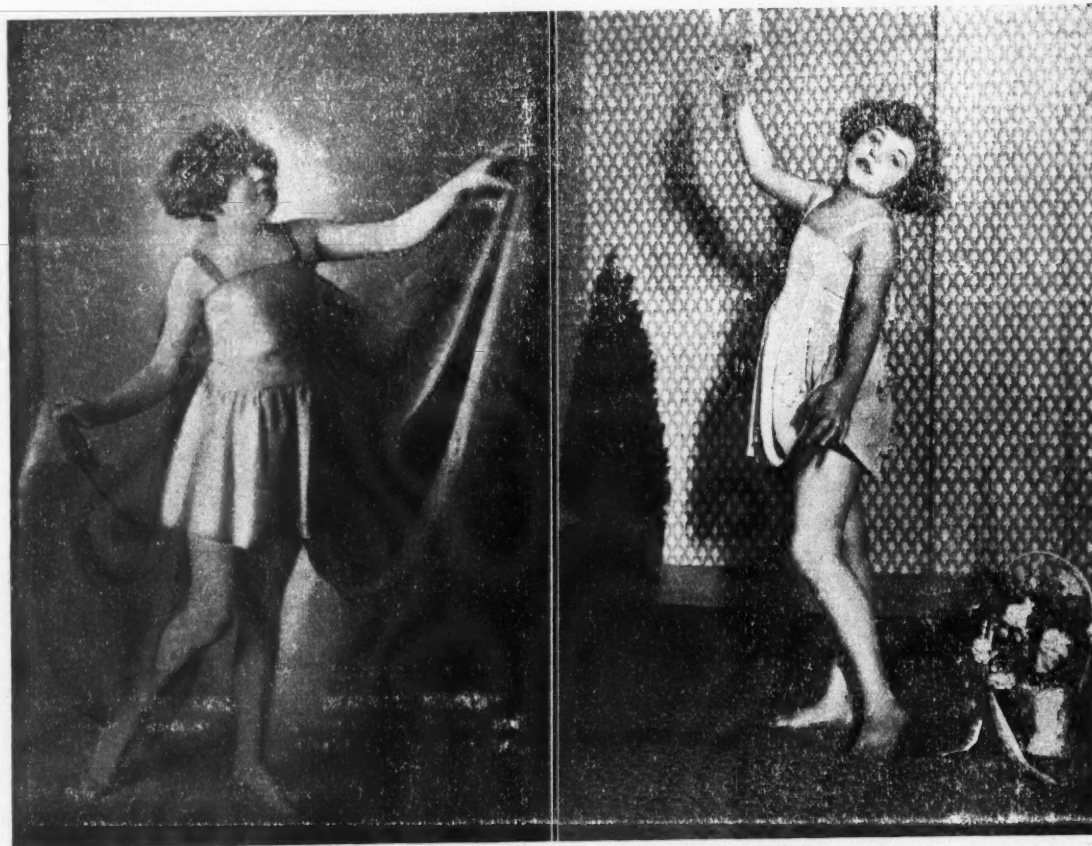
The Sokol, a national Czech institution to promote gymnastics and sports, has grown tremendously since the founding of the Czech Republic. Last summer a gigantic Sokol congress was held in Prague attended by Sokol troupes from all over the world. Many thousands of athletes were gathered together in Prague for the monster outdoor exercises. The influence of the National Sokol is not lost on the deaf. They have their own Sokol groups within the larger organizations, and delight, like the deaf of America, in outdoor sports and exercises.

The 28th of last September there was dedicated at C. Budejovice some distance from Prague a monument to the Bishop John Valerian Jirsik, a bishop of noble and altruistic life, who founded several Czech schools. He also founded in 1871 the Institution for the Deaf at C. Budejovice. There were several deaf delegates, as well as many hearing, present at the ceremonies.

On the date of the one hundredth anniversary of the

birth of the founder of our Mutual Society of Prague, we shall have a festival and exercises. Our founder, Mr. Vaclav Wilczek, was born December 19, 1826, and died in 1897. We shall unveil a new monument on his grave in the Olsany Cemetery in Prague to replace the old one. The same evening, December 19th, we shall have theatrical entertainment.

A Rising Deaf Dancing Star of Prague



as "Butterfly."

as "Gavotta."

Miss Mobi Urbanova, age 11 years

AN INTERESTING PHENOMENON—A DEAF DANCER

There are very few deaf dancers. Only three have acquired world fame: the American dancer, Miss Helen Heckman, the leading dancer at the Opera in Vienna, Mlle. Adeline, and Mr. David Marvel of America. There now appears a fourth dancing star of the deaf world: a child dancer, Miss Mobi Urbanova.

She is now eleven years old. She was born in Prague of a middle-class family, and, though deaf by birth, she showed from early childhood a remarkable talent for rhythmic and dancing. She danced everywhere and at any time; she played by dancing and created her own dance evolutions. Later she took a course in rhythm and learned to dance, the *gavotte*, the *butterfly dance*, the *polka* in its elaborate form, etc. She first appeared on the stage at eleven years of age, and has since won many records for exhibition dancing in Prague, and other towns and resorts in Czech-Slovakia. Her parents give her every opportunity to study dancing and music. She receives instruction in playing the piano, and is now one of the pupils of Mlle. Stephanie Klimesova, ballet mistress of the National Theatre in Prague. Her dancing is very natural and free from all affectation.

V. B. H.

SILVER JUBILEE N. F. S. D.

Chicago, May 29-30-31, 1926

(Reported by J. H. Meagher in November issue)



SILVER JUBILEE N. F. S. D., Chicago, May 29-30-31, 1926. Only half of the 1000 silents attending are shown here. Center row (containing the emblem): Ray Grimes and son (Chicago, certificate 41); Peter J. Hellers (Detroit, certificate one—"the first frat" and the first Grand President); Alfred Bertsch (President Peoria, Ill., division); Peter Livshis (President Chi-Oral 106); Robert Davis (President Canton, Ohio, division); Harry C. Ware (President Akron, Ohio, division); Herbert Gunner Hotel committeeman, Chicago; Patrick Dolan (certificate 81, President Louisville, Ky., division, and Grand Vice-president); Alfred Liebenstein, Chicago, certificate 94; David Padden (Exalted Chairman Chicago Silver Jubilee); the emblem; Elmer Disz (Exalted Vice-chairman Chicago Silver Jubilee); Washington Barrow (Chicago, certificate 8, for 23 years a Grand officer); Michael J. Grimm (Akron); Jacob J. Kleinhans (Niles, Mich., past Grand President); Charles B. Kemp (President Chicago division); William A. Heagie (certificate 66, and president of the Pas-a-Pas club of Chicago).

Men who made the Silver Jubilee of Chicago Division No. 1 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf last May, a tremendous success. These photo reproductions were intended for Mr. Meagher's write-up in the November issue.



CHARLES B. KEMP
President Div. No. 1



ERNEST W. CRAIG
Secretary Div. No. 1



DAVID J. PADDEN
Chairman Silver Jubilee



ELMER E. DISZ
Vice-chairman Silver Jubilee



JOSEPH T. WONDRA
Dramatic Director



HORACE PERRY
Sultan of the Smoker and
Grand Guardian of the
Goaf



International Newsreel Photo.
SILVER JUBILEE GIRLS -- Jean Mack, Ruth Courtney, Agnes Frilliger and Helen Bicks, all orally-educated Chicago misses. The Wondra-coached dance number that made a big hit at the N. F. S. D. 25th anniversary celebration, May 30. Miss Courtney also won Chicago Silentdom's Bathing Beauty Contest, September 5.



International Newsreel Photo.
"MISS N. F. S. D." -- Miss Geraldine Gibbons, 6436 Glenwood Av., Chicago, the actress and sign-singer who starred in the Silver Jubilee of the N. F. S. D. last May, and who also made a hit with her Meagher-taught sign-song at N. A. D. convention in Washington, August 9-14. This photo appeared in the Chicago Herald and Examiner, and in the Washington Herald.



Mrs. Bryan as a clown.



Mrs. Bryan as a Parisean dancer.

Silent Entertainers of Los Angeles



Mrs. Bryan, as the mother. This make-up brings out her resemblance to her cousin, Lon Chaney.

ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



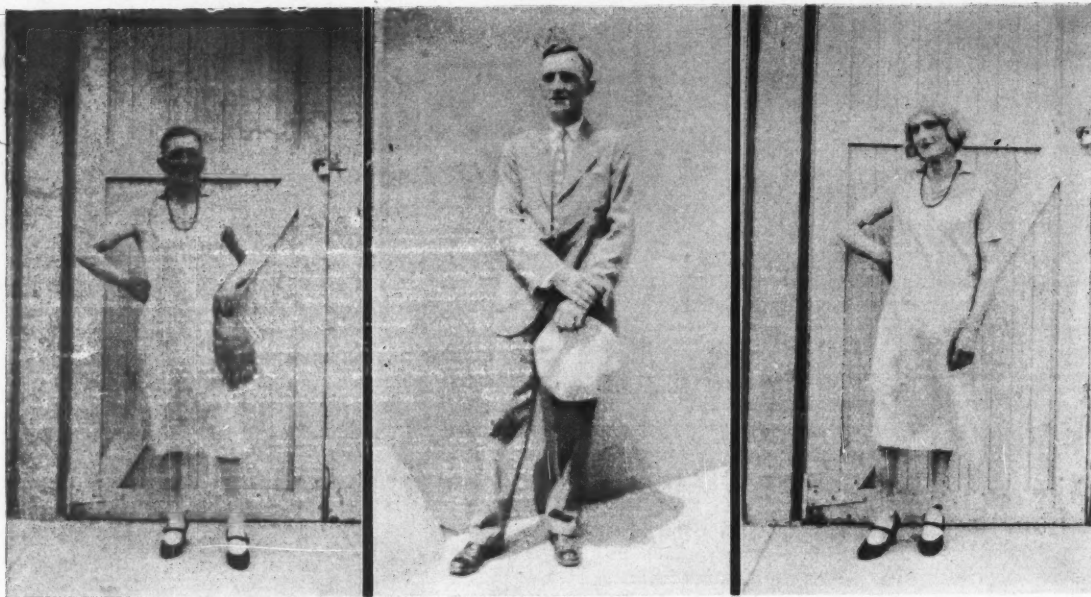
THE SILENT WORKER has moved its Lares and Penates, also the *deus ex machina*, therefore we wish to contribute to an auspicious beginning by beseeching the intercession of the ancient divinity Janus; god of the past, present and future, and patron of all beginnings, of whom Longfellow sings:

*Janus am I, oldest of potentates;
Forward I look, and backward, and below
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go,*

Looking forward to the origin of *October* we find it is the eighth month of the primitive Roman year, the tenth of the Gregorian calendar and the season of harvest celebrations, carnivals, and Hallowe'en parties! We modern pride ourselves on having parted with the beliefs in pagan gods held by the Greeks and Romans, but during the harvest month we revert to many customs whose origin is lost in antiquity. The fun-provoking goblins, pumpkin-faces, cats, owls, witches, and the gay crepe paper decorations used by the Hallowe'en hostess for her party, are the civilized form taken on by ancient ceremonies and superstitions.

Looking back again we find a sheaf of unrecorded events, weddings, anniversaries, picnics, club-meetings, a farewell reception, amateur theatricals and parties, of which the reporter can only hope to mention a few. Nowadays we seldom have an address to our club by the Superintendent of a State School for the Deaf, and it was indeed a pleasure to have Supt. Frank W. Booth of the Omaha, Nebraska, School with us one Saturday evening in July. After attending the Convention of the Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf in San Francisco, he came to Eagle Rock, for a week's

visit with a sister, and was invited to address the Los Angeles Silent Club. In his opening remarks he commented on his pleasure at meeting so many former Neb-raskans and Iowans, and asked how many in the hall were native Californians. Only three hands were raised in the audience of some 200 persons. He said he had read a great deal about our club in the papers. As a subject for his talk he had chosen a deaf man who came to California 77 years ago, with the '49ers. He asked, "Do you know who?" Several had the ready reply, "Your father, Edmund Booth." "Some of you are very smart," said Mr. Booth, "Yes, it is about my father I intend to talk, as I am in California and it is appropriate to tell of an incident of his trip across the plains and mountains in an ox caravan." The incident has never been published and Mr. Booth found it in his father's autobiography. During the over land trip Edmund Booth became very sick with Cholera, and while lying under a pile of blankets he grew so cold he thought he was near death. Fortunately, he had brought with him a wooden box of Mandrake pills, and now he took a few of these, and as he grew colder and colder he kept on taking pills, until he had taken all in the box. (In the autobiography he wrote, "I thought I might as well die of the pills as of the Cholera.") About this time the captain of the caravan came to see him, bringing a bottle of Davis Pain Killer. He read in the look on the Captain's face that he thought him near death, and did not reject the Pain Killer, a medicine known to burn the tongue and throat. But as he drank it, the dose was as tasteless as water, so little by little he drank the entire contents of the bottle, apparently without effect, but after awhile he grew warmer, and at last was sweating, and knew his life was saved. The next morning he was up and around and eventually reached California, where he had pretty good success as a gold miner during the next four years, then a letter from



Harry Whalen without his wig.

*Harry A. Whalen, Los Angeles,
his everyday self.*

*Harry Whalen as a golden haired
vamp. He was a great success
in this impersonation.*

his wife decided him to return to Iowa. This time he sailed to the Isthmus of Panama, crossed the isthmus on a donkey, then sailed again to the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi River and the last leg of the journey was by horseback to Anamosa, Iowa. These extensive travels had satisfied the Spirit of Wanderlust and the rest of his life was spent publishing and editing the *Anamosa Eureka*. He died at the ripe age of 95 years. We cannot help wondering if there was some unsuspected elixir in the Davis Pain Killer! In conclusion, Supt. Booth showed the picture of his father, the genial looking white bearded man in Gallaher's book "Representative Deaf Persons" The talk was much appreciated and Supt. Booth received a salvo of applause.

Afterwards, Mr. Zach. B. Thompson remarked to me that he wished Supt. Booth had mentioned his father's connection with the founding of the National Association of the Deaf, soon to convene in convention in Washington. Edmund Booth had taken part in the preliminary discussions urging the founding of a national association and was proposed for president, but declined. When the convention met in Cincinnati, O., in August, 1880, he was the first chairman, and as Gallaher tells us, "he helped to elect a much younger man to the Presidency."

Apropos of the subject of whether it is desirable for a club of the deaf to ask financial aid from the public for a clubhouse, it is of interest to quote part of an article which appeared in the *Los Angeles Record* of August 4, 1926, with a large picture of Miss Bartlett, president of The Los Angeles League of Hard of Hearing:

"The league is directed by a joyous individual who believes there is a compensation at the door of every handicap, and a fertile valley beyond every stony peak.

"She is Mae L. Bartlett, 5306 Aldama street, Los Angeles, whose efforts have been rewarded in the founding of a central league headquarters at 276 South Rampart Street.

"The League is NOT a "deaf and dumb" club.

"A member may not use signs with which to talk.

"All of the leaguers speak and read the lips.

"The aim of the organization, which is now composed of junior and senior societies, is to erect a club house, commodious and attractive.

"Mae Bartlett, discussing this plan, says: 'The building is our constant aim.'

"*'We are just waiting for some benevolent philanthropical soul to realize the good we are doing for the hard of hearing in our city. There are so many in Los Angeles who have more money than they need and would never miss a few thousand. Wish we might reach their hearts and purses in some way.'*

"Miss Bartlett says the league extends a cordial invitation to all deaf people of this vicinity to share the privileges and pleasures offered at its community house.

"The aim of the organization,' she adds, 'is always to advance the cause of those with impaired hearing, to encourage the study of lip reading, and to give counsel whenever possible in regard to the avenues of employment open to the handicapped.'

"Friendliness and sympathetic companionship will be found awaiting all who enter our hospitable doors.

"All interested friends are welcome.'

"To raise the fund for the clubhouse purpose, it has been suggested members pledge themselves to the donation of 10 cents a week.

"But to augment this with a donation or an endowment would mean that the undertaking can be completed soon, and on a scale that is effective.

"In every city there is a large group of persons handicapped in some way.

"In a measure, their means of sustaining independence and securing livelihood is the business and concern of everyone."

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Wedding bells were ringing merrily during June. The first marriage was that of Ora H. Blanchard and Miss Elizabeth Kenealey. Ora had been considered a

hopeless bachelor when he left Omaha little more than a year ago, and almost at once fell a victim to the charms of the beautiful Miss Kenealey and their romance culminated in their beautiful wedding on the morning of



Zelda Bryan, a clever little dancer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Bryan.

June 3d, 1926, at 11 o'clock, at the Church of the Nativity, in the presence of many deaf and hearing friends. Mr. W. H. Rothert was best man, with Mr. Raymond Stillman as groomsman. Miss Helen Dwyer led the bridal march as bridesmaid, followed by Mrs. Crane, a hearing friend as matron of honor. Then came the bride on the arm of her father. She was lovely in white satin and lace, long tulle veil, tiara of orange blossoms and she carried a bride's bouquet. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, where the happy couple were showered with good wishes and many presents, both useful and beautiful. They managed with the help of the Rotherts and Stillmans to slip away unnoticed and take a steamer for the Northwest, going as far as Victoria, B. C., for a wedding trip.

Two other June weddings where the couples were quietly married were those of Mr. Andrew Genner and Miss Bernice Dent, who were married at Bakersfield, and Mr. Watt and Miss Bessie James who were married at Santa Ana, which is called the "Gretna Green" of Los Angeles.

A society wedding, in which many deaf people were much interested, was that of the lovely daughter of deaf parents, Miss Elvira M. Worswick to Harold J. Heyser, a young business man of Los Angeles. This occurred on June 16th, at 8:30 p. m., at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. Rev. Clarence Webb performed the ceremony orally, using the Episcopal ring service. The church which was beautifully decorated with flowers was packed with deaf and hearing friends of the couple. Miss Mildred Angle interpreted for the benefit of the deaf people. The bridal party proceeded down the aisle swaying to the slow music of the Lohengrin Wedding March. The march was led by the head usher, then came two bridesmaids, the flower girl, and lastly the bride on the arm of her father, Frank M. Worswick. She wore a beautiful

gown of white satin and lace, long trailing veil, coronet of orange blossoms and carried a bride's bouquet. The bride was met at the chancel by the groom and best man. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Worswick, to which some of the deaf were invited, the majority of the guests being hearing friends and relatives of the newly married couple. They received so many beautiful, useful and valuable presents that they completely covered a long table set apart for them in one of the rooms. Their attempt to later get away unobserved were several times frustrated by their young friends, amid much merry-making. Returning from a trip to the Yosemite, they are at present occupying the new beach cottage Mr. Worswick recently had built at Manhattan Beach, near Los Angeles.

Two very nice affairs were those given to celebrate the wedding anniversaries of the Ernest Bingham and W. F. Schneiders. With two such finished hostesses as Mesdames Bingham and Schneider every detail was well planned and carried out. The Bingham's thirtieth anniversary was celebrated at the home of the Schneiders by about forty friends who gave them a big surprise and a percolator set, consisting of an electric coffee urn, tray, sugar and creamer. The Bingham's reciprocated and invited thirty guests to their home on July 12th to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of the



Mrs. Harry G. Bryan, Los Angeles, director of amateur theatricals.

Schneiders. As this is the "China Wedding" the Schneiders also received a surprise and a substantial gift of a 78-piece set of Noritake china.

The Sunshine Circle, a non-sectarian society of Los Angeles deaf ladies, which is devoted to charity, had a social at St. Andrew's Church June 23rd. The chief event of the evening was a play in which Harry Whalen scored an unexpected success as the impersonator of a beautiful golden haired vamp. F. E. Worswick played

the part of her lover, and Mrs. Harry G. Bryan the part of the doting mother of the "leading lady", Mrs. F. E. Worswick that of the rich aunt who returned unexpectedly, and Mrs. Henry Dahl that of the old maid. The cast were drilled by Mrs. Bryan who has dramatic ability, and herself is a clever amateur actress. She came here last winter to visit her mother, Mrs. Emma Kennedy,



Zelda Bryan, Los Angeles.

a former Coloradoian. It is not generally known that Mrs. Bryan is a cousin of Lon Chaney, the famous character actor. This play was so well received it was later given at the L. A. S. C., with some variations and additions, and Mrs. Jènette Price, Lawrence James and Mr. and Mrs. D. R. McDonald were added to the cast. Saturday, July 24, an amusing play was given at the L. A. S. C.'s hall and as before the players were drilled by Mrs. Bryan. In this play Mr. Lawrence James, impersonated a widow, wearing a modish gown and a bobbed-wig. Anyone who knows Mr. James with his six feet and broad shoulders can imagine what sort of a "lady" he presented. Mrs. Bryan, in masculine attire, played the part of a "lounge lizard" and brought down the house in the love-making scenes with Miss Young the widow's pretty maid. Others in the play were Tom Singleton, as a policeman, D. R. McDonald as a "hobo" and Mr. Farnham as the butler. As many remarked, it was one of the best plays ever given at this club. After the play, several visitors gave talks, saying many complimentary things about the club. They were Miss Yetta Baggerman, principal at the Bouchard, a teacher at the Hartford School, who with a companion, Mr. Luden, had made the trip in a big motor car. Miss Baggerman said she spent six months in Los Angeles twenty-five years ago and commented on the great changes she saw in the city, and contrasted the big audience with the small deaf colony of that bygone time.

A reception was tendered to Rev. Clarence Webb on July 21st, at St. Andrew's Church. He left on July 26th

to attend the conference of deaf clergy at All Souls' Church, in Philadelphia, August 5 to 8. During the past eleven years Rev. Webb has had charge of the Episcopal Mission in Los Angeles and at the same time he has continued to preach to his hearing congregation of St. Andrew's, on South Brighton Avenue. A purse of \$100.00 was presented to Rev. Webb in behalf of the Los Angeles deaf. Some days later, his hearing congregation also gave him a reception and a generous contribution. After the Conference he intended going to the N. A. D. Convention at Washington, and by this time he is in his old home in Kent, England, which he has never revisited since leaving it many years ago. Other Angelenos, who went East were Miss Annabelle Kent, who left early in June for a lengthy stay in New York and New Jersey; Miss Peek and Miss Mildred Angle who spent two months in the White Mountains of New York, and Mrs. Annie Ward, widow of William Ward, who went to Cobourg, Ontario, Canada, to visit a brother, and will later visit another brother of Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Ward was educated at the Belleville, Ontario, School and she and her husband were among the pioneer Deaf Angelenos.

Picnics! Picnics! Each society has a picnic and it is understood these are to be arranged so the dates do not conflict. The biggest was the July 5th picnic of the Los Angeles Silent Club, at Brookside Park, Pasadena. J. W. Barrett was Chairman, assisted by the following committee: Mesdames Reddick, Bryan, R. Bingham; Messrs. T. C. Singleton, Bulmer and Stillman. Many visitors from Northern California attended. After the races and games a game of baseball was played between Northern and Southern teams, the Los Angeles team winning the prize, a box of fine cigars.

The Sunshine Circle's picnic was at Sycamore Park on August 5th. A number of friends of the members were invited and swelled the number to about seventy-five. One thing about picnics here during the summer is that we can plan on them and never say "If it does not rain," as we did in the East. Mrs. Norman Lewis, president of the Circle, and her assistants made excellent coffee on one of the brick stoves in the park. Mrs. Lewis has a long record of missionary and charitable work, which began in Chicago when she was a member of the Ladies' Aid Society.

The mid-summer picnic of the Iowa-Nebraska Association of the Deaf of Southern California was held at Brookside Park, Pasadena, August 8th, and was graced by three visitors from Iowa, Dr. and Mrs. J. Schuyler Long and Mr. Zach. B. Thompson. Dr. Long and Mr. Thompson gave short talks in the afternoon and naturally felt at home among so many Hawkeyes and Cornhuskers. A few invited guests were present. The feature of the afternoon was the Iowa-Nebraska baseball game. There were enough Iowans to form a "nine", but the Nebraskans impressed several visitors from other states and won the game.

The Gallaudet College Club of Los Angeles held their first annual picnic at Sycamore Park on August 15th. They had an interesting program of games in the afternoon. Mr. Oscar Guire came from Colton, Cal., for the event, and other guest were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Park, of Santa Barbara. Mrs. Sylvia C. Balis, who is an honorary M.A.; Dr. and Mrs. Long, and Mr. Zach. O. H. Blanchard; vice-president, Mrs. Mary Allison

B. Thompson. This club has monthly socials at the homes of the members. The officers are: President, Mr. Bingham; Sec'y-treas., Mrs. K. G. Willman.

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The cosmopolitan atmosphere of the L. A. S. C., and its visitors was again illustrated on August 14th. Mrs. Schneider, the Literary chairman, invited the visitors present to give addresses, and these were much appreciated. These were Mrs. Sylvia C. Balis, of the Belleville School, Ontario, Canada; Dr. J. Schuyler Long, Mr. Zach B. Thompson, of the Iowa School, and Mrs. Myrtle Corey Kessler, late of the Tennessee School. Mrs. William Howe Phelps then recited "Yankee Doodle," dressed in a quaint and beautiful gown of colonial days, with hat to match, which was received with great applause.

Mr. and Mrs. Kessler had just arrived for their first visit to Los Angeles. They were married about a year ago, but Mrs. Kessler had to continue teaching, as she was under contract. She founded the school for the deaf in Cuba. Mr. Kessler is the owner of considerable property in Miami, Florida, and has of late years been spending his winters there and his summers in Chicago. They were charmed with Los Angeles and there is a possibility they may some day locate here.



Los Angeles Silent Club, Brookside Park, Pasadena, Calif., July 5, 1926.

The Los Angeles Silent Club has a movie once a month, having their own motion picture machine, the gift some years ago of Mr. H. Rothert. The picture for August 21st was "Merton of the Movies," and for September 11th they will have Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q." "The Argonaut," J. W. Howson, and his wife were present at the August movie, and after the show Mr. Howson was invited to address the club. He said the audience resembled a convention. Mr. and Mrs. Howson have made a number of trips to Los Angeles since their first one, their wedding trip, a little over 25 years ago, and he contrasted the Los Angeles of that time and the roaring city and skyscrapers of today.

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The following clipping is from the *Los Angeles Times* August 18, 1926:

FILMLAND DREAM DISSIPATED

Brooklyn Girl Who Aspired Not to Become Screen Star But to be Handmaid of Colleen Moore Returned to Brooklyn and Mother by Traveler's Aid

When pretty Mary stepped aboard the eastbound train yesterday, another chapter of the Traveler's Aid Society and the Community Chest, which makes this work possible, was closed.

Another young runaway began the long trail home to Brooklyn and to mother, and another dream of filmland was dissipated. This time it was not to become a screen star, but to become a handmaid of no less a luminary than Colleen Moore. Not to shine as a rival, but to adore as

a slave; to serve Colleen's breakfast tray, to prepare her bath, to polish her shoes, worshiping while she polished. That was a part of the dream.

Mary is sixteen years of age, and deaf and dumb since she was seven years of age. She had seen Miss Moore on the screen and read every scrap of film chatter she could find. She was suffering from a bad case of "adoree," so familiar to the social workers; it is complex, they declare, with a large admixture of the inferiority variety.

The attack reached a crisis some three weeks ago when Mary helped herself to sufficient money to bring her to Los Angeles. Through one of those "who's-who-and-how's-which" columns in a film magazine, the address of Miss Moore was obtained.

The vigilant eye of the Traveler's Aid worker in Chicago had singled Mary out from the crowd. She was questioned, but insisted she was en route to an aunt in Los Angeles. A wire was dispatched and when the little girl came up the ramp at Central Station, she was halted by another Traveler's Aid worker for further investigation. And the "aunt's" address proved to be that of Colleen Moore.

Mary had a gift for romance, but the astute Traveler's Aid girls have met 'em before. When the truth was learned, mother, in Brooklyn, was advised of daughter's whereabouts, and money sent for her return.

Will Celebrate Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Sol. E. Pachter, of Brooklyn, a member of all the leading clubs, will celebrate the twenty-fifth (25) anniversary of their wedding on December 22, 1926. They have three children, the oldest Elizabeth, 24, who is em-



SOL. E. PACHTER

ployed in the Telephone Company office; Rose, 18, employed in R. G. Dunn Company. The youngest son Elias, 14, is still in the High School. Sol. E. Pachter has been employed with the Knickerbocker Leather and Novelty Company for the past twenty-seven years, and hope for another twenty-five years.



WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

HERE is talk of a "Southern Association of the Deaf," and if it fructifies it does not augur well for the National Association of the Deaf, for it would deprive the National Association of members and lessen attendance at the meetings. It seems to me a far better procedure would be to have each of the southern states form a state association as branches of the National Association, and this would further the welfare of the N. A. D., where a new organization made up of a grouped block of states would not.

To a keen reader of the papers for the deaf, romance figures largely, and tragedy rarely. Most of the news paragraphs concern happy events, and one of the cheeriest items of news to read about in that ever new chronicle that Mr. and Mrs. N. Ooly Wedd are the parents of a baby boy or a baby girl that you will notice is always of the bouncing type. Now six times this glorious pleasure was mine, and though very much present at the happy event, none of them were of the bouncing type till long, long after. Then, see how often the mother is mentioned as ("nee Florabelle Marietta Jenkins"), where of course she was simply born as Jenkins.

Prof. Victor Urbantschitsch of the Dohling Institute of Vienna ought to know better than to lecture before the Vienna Medical Society and tell them the new Electrophone, (a circular describing which is before me,) can cure total deafness. Then the man who prepared the circular ought to know better than to claim for it that it will: "make a deaf and dumb mute (sic) hear the sound of the human voice." The same circular carries the information that the instrument is in use at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, and at St. Joseph's School which it speaks of as being for "Deaf and Dumb Mutes," so readers will not be misled and gather the impression that good St. Joseph's school exists for the purpose of educating hearing and speaking deaf-mutes.

The good old *Hawkeye*, even when those not of Iowa, used to read the scintillations of Dr. Long and other contributors, has now blossomed out as a newspaper, rather than a school sheet, and Tom Anderson can be depended on to make it worth while in the highest sense. I only know the gentleman by correspondence, but that he is a go-getter was shown me when he wrote and asked what the paramount issue of 1926 was, and being busy at the time I sent him a card asking when he wanted the copy, and the reply was: "Drat you, I want it now," so of course he got it.

The gentle (or otherwise) reader will be very much surprised to see the movie picture "You'd Be Surprised,"

for more than one reason. In the first place, Granville Redmond, the distinguished California artist who appeared with Chaplin and Jackie Coogan in "The Kid" and who is said to have given Chaplin pointers on the use of signs, appears in the picture, first as a deaf-mute and afterwards as a hearing person who was only masquerading. He and the principal character, Raymond Griffith, use the manual alphabet in their conversations and spell delightfully clear, so one may read all they say, and for once deaf people put it over the hearing, for what they spell is not put on the screen in title form, so this part the hearing people miss.

Another surprise is to see Earle Williams as a villain, where one is used to him only in "hero" parts. I will be very much surprised if my readers are not surprised when they go to see it.

Then another uplift is F. B. Pleasant's "Times O'Grams," in the *Wisconsin Times*. It reads more than Pleasant.

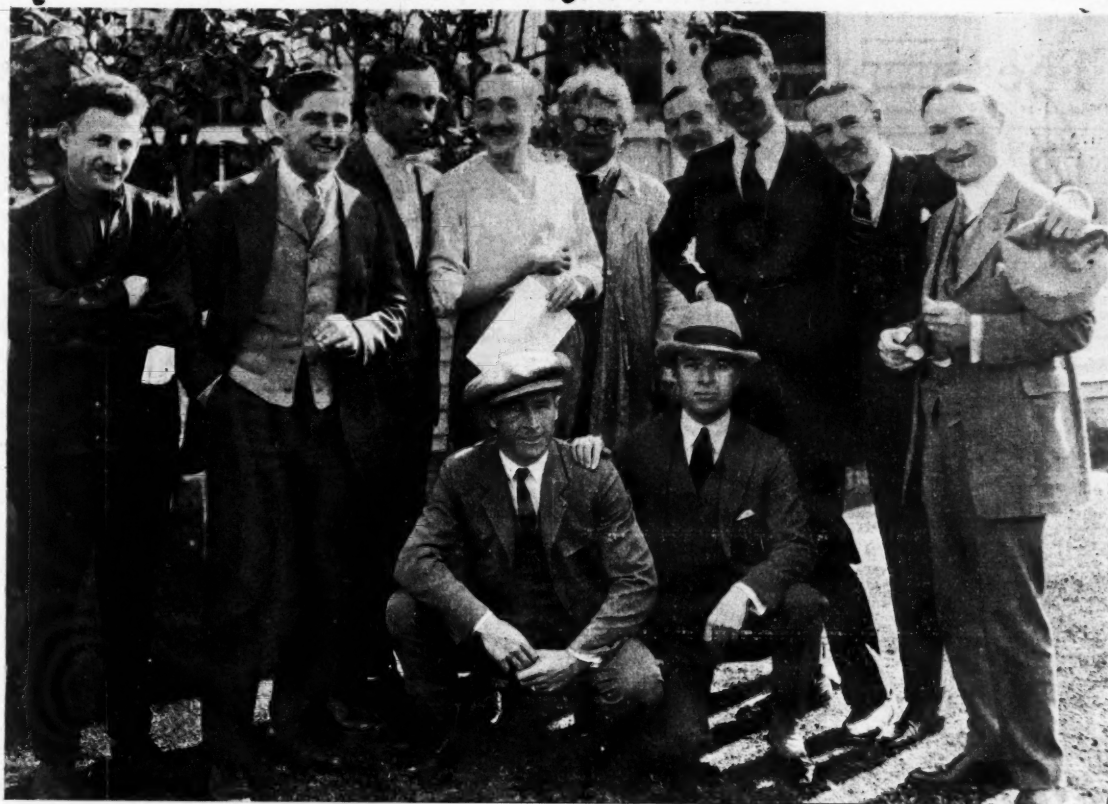
Intuition, perhaps, but when a telegram was handed me on the evening of Thursday, October 21st, before opening it I felt that it was to tell me of the passing of my great and good friend James Henry Cloud, D. D., and intuition was right, for only a few days before I had been informed that the good Doctor's days of suffering were approaching finis. In a world with hundreds of brilliant deaf men who have made their marks, relatively only a few achieve the heights that Dr. Cloud reached. Losing his hearing in young manhood, and not being totally deaf gave him opportunities that few of the deaf have, but it was his hard work that enabled him to go through college without any one's help, and he achieved the ministry in practically the same manner, and so he was essentially and strictly speaking a self made man. It is given to few men, deaf or hearing, the opportunities that came Dr. Cloud's way in serving both as cleric and pedagogue, but Dr. Cloud made a great record both as Minister of the gospel and as a school teacher and school principal.

But with both these activities he still found time to contribute his help in the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and the National Association of the Deaf, and at the conventions of both these organizations he was a leading and stalwart figure, and untiring worker.

With writings he brightened this magazine, and the columns of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* which were resplendent with teeming interest and showed a logical mind, and a keen analytical sense that is given to few.

The loss to the deaf world is incalculable. He made his own place in it, and that place was so great it is idle to think of any one replacing him.

Besides attending all the big conventions of the deaf,



Granville Redmond with some of the leading screen actors—From left to right—Harry Levin, Eddie Sutherland, Harry d' Atbadie d' Anast, Adolph Jean Menjou, Granville Redmond, Jean DeLimur, Monta Bell, Jack Wilson, Alfred Reeves (Mgr for Charles Chaplin) Below—Rollie Tothoroh (Cinematograph) and Charles Chaplin. These are the co-workers in the picture "A Woman of Paris."

and many of the state association conventions he was one of the few, I might say almost the only deaf head of a school who attended the Teachers conventions, and at these affairs he was as active as his hearing fellow principals, and as highly regarded.

After the great loss his family suffers, the deaf of St. Louis come next, and then those of the two great associations. The writer suffers a severe personal loss, for Dr. Cloud was a friend of forty years' standing, and a convention intimate at a number of these affairs. Between conventions the mails kept us in touch, and these exchanges were kept up almost until the very end. Up to almost the last week of Dr. Cloud's stay, his letters were written in the same firm hand and his sentiments expressed in the same kindly thoughts without any trace of the weakness to the physical structure that was undermined by the long cruel illness.

For years and years it was the writer's pleasure to fight with Dr. Cloud, but even when we were on opposing sides, his was a magnanimous and charitable disposition.

I know of no more fitting tribute than Shakespeare's—

*His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him,
that Nature might stand up and say to all the world:
This was a man."*

It is not generally known that a picture was made in Hollywood with an all-deaf cast of actors, though Mr. Redmond was not one of them. New Yorkers had a free view of the picture when a Mr. Spearing, a former New York Times writer, brought the films to New York. Mr. Spearing called on me with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, and asked suggestions for public-

ity, and the result was that the New York deaf public saw the picture at the Lexington Avenue School. The showing was prefaced with an introduction by Dr. Taylor, who, after making a really funny address in the signs he can use (which he ended by announcing that he could not use signs, bringing the biggest laugh of the evening), introduced Miss M. J. Purtell as Mr. Spearing's interpreter. Mr. Spearing told the history of the picture, of the ability of the deaf as mimics and their ability to express action by pantomime, and the purpose of the showing was to enlist capital to form a stock company of and evidently by, the deaf.

This phase of the matter was talked over after the showing and there was no indication that New Yorkers were keen for investing; for, it was argued, if the deaf could make good in this direction, existing motion picture concerns had the facilities for producing without the "overhead" a stock company would entail. Then, too, out where the picture was made are several deaf people with ample means, which they would invest if the project looked good to them.

The picture was called "His Busy Hour," or something like that, and I have seen better and worse done by professionals. In the cast was Mr. Albert V. Ballin, whose features looked good to New Yorkers who have not seen him since he went to the coast to boost his own productions, for Mr. Ballin is a wonderful pantomimist, and before he went to California had written many movie scripts, but unfortunately none have been produced.

The picture shown had to do with a lover getting "the gate" from his lady fayer, and so, disconsolate, he sought suicide. If one had not read the titles that preceded, one

(Continued on page 92)

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 39

December, 1926.

No. 3.

Our Front Covers

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the very excellent cover designs for our November, December and January issues, the work of Mr. J. H. Stauffer, of Hazelton, Pa. These three designs are all in pen and ink and are similar to the one we printed early last spring containing the manual alphabet as a motif. These will be followed by wash drawings reproduced in three colors.

We are indebted to Mr. Stauffer for these excellent contributions which were offered to us gratuitously. While he has made our covers attractive we hope he will gain by the publicity it gives him, for his work has been highly praised by artists who are competent to judge.

In view of Mr. Stauffer's contributions it would not be a bad idea for other deaf artists to send us some of their own creations for the sake of advertising their skill as cover designers and in that way enable us to keep on indefinitely. Who next?

Deaf Screen Actors

In the last issue of this magazine we mentioned the name of "Tommy Albert" as taking parts in moving picture productions for the Pan-American Picture Corporation, in Havana, Cuba. "Screenland" for November on page 74 refers to Granville Redmond as follows: "Recently I came upon that interesting Hollywood character, Granville Redmond, deaf and dumb painter, who has deserted his brushes for the present to play a deaf and dumb butler in Griffith's new picture, 'You'd Be Surprised'.

"Redmond is genuinely distinguished as a painter of landscapes. And Griffith thinks he will make his mark

as an actor. Direction in the present role is rendered simple by the fact that Griffith is proficient in the sign language, which, in fact, is being used as a gag in the story."

The WORKER has received several interesting photographs of Redmond, one of which shows him with Hollywood screen stars which will be used in a later issue or possibly in this issue in connection with Mr. Pach's very nice comment on the deaf as moving picture actors.

We have first hand information that Albert Ballin, formerly of New York, but now of Los Angeles, has been promised a part in a play in case a certain promotor succeeds in launching a new company for screen production this winter. Ballin has talents for acting and as he has intimate acquaintance with a number of screen stars he may surprise us some day by appearing on the "silver screen" as a second Lon Chaney in facial gymnastics.

Texas Waking Up

The Texas deaf, especially those in Houston are, through the writings of Troy E. Hill who conducts the "Long Horns" department of this magazine and Gordon B. Allen who has succeeded in placing Houston on the map and wants every WORKER reader to know it. Mr. Allen is a Gallaudet College graduate of the class of 1924 and after taking a post-graduate course in the linotype department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, recently got married to a nice young lady whom he first met in college. Among his contributions to this magazine is about Judge Dupree, who, though totally deaf for a good many years, has kept up his practice in law without any trouble. It will make interesting reading when printed.

Should Have Been

Many of the illustrations appearing in this issue should have been printed with the related articles in the last issue. The reason for this was explained editorially. We have many more that must be deferred for a later issue. We make this explanation for the benefit of those who sent us photographs which are not used.

Mrs. Bess M. Riggs is New Superintendent.

Appointment of Mrs. Bess Michaels Riggs, formerly of Little Rock and a teacher in the high school of Fort Smith and Van Buren for the past eight years, as superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf, was announced by George W. Morrison, chairman of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, last September.

The appointment was recommended by Governor Terral, who appeared before the board in person and asked that Mrs. Riggs be made superintendent. She was endorsed by all three members of the board: Mr. Morris, R. L. Deal, state comptroller, and H. A. ("Dick") Emerson, state purchasing agent.

Mrs. Riggs, the first woman superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf, is especially fitted for the position through her early experience and later training. She is the daughter of Prof. W. Michaels, who was deaf from childhood and who for 25 years was principal of the Arkansas school. Her mother also was deaf, and she grew up in the school, in daily contact with the deaf children and gained a knowledge of the problems of the deaf.

FINISHED LOCAL SCHOOL

She was graduated from the Little Rock High School in 1906, as president and valedictorian of her class. She then attended Vassar College, and after receiving her B. A. degree there, was awarded a scholarship for graduate study at Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C., a national institution for training teachers of the deaf. She received her master's degree at Gallaudet.

For two years Mrs. Riggs was principal at the Tennessee State School for the Deaf and then returned to Arkansas to teach in the high schools of Fort Smith and later of Van Buren. Recently she has come into prominence through her writings for teachers and her literary criticisms, published in *Current Opinion*, the *American School Board Journal*, *Everybody's Magazine*, the *Educational Review*, and *Education*. She has delivered lectures on teaching the deaf at Washington, D. C., and at Knoxville, Tenn.

Mrs. Riggs has been endorsed for her new position by leading educators and business men of the state and also by several women's organizations.—*Little Rock, Ark.*

Resolutions of Respect

WHEREAS, In his wisdom and providence that ever are beyond all human understanding, God, the Ruler of the universe, has taken from our midst our friend and co-worker, the Reverend James Henry Cloud, D.D., and

WHEREAS, By the grace of God, Dr. Cloud had for two score years been of faithful service in school and church and press to the children of silence, and during the last half of the time, had been active in arousing and sustaining the general interest of the deaf in the founding of the Illinois Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, and also had been helping the Home's work as a member of its Board of Managers; be it

Resolved, That by his going forth in answer to his Creator's summons into higher service beyond, a vacancy has been created in the Board which will be most difficult to fill with one of like sympathy, wisdom, experience and ability; and further be it

Resolved, That the Board extend its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and assure them of its appreciation of his service to the deaf and to the Home; and further be it

Resolved, That a copy of these Preambles and Resolutions be placed in the Board's record, and a copy be sent to the family, and copies be sent to the *Illinois Advance*, the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, and the *SILENT WORKER* for publication.

MILTON R. HART,
FRIEDA B. MEAGHER,
PHILIP J. HASENSTAB.



Gallaudet

Gallaudet, Gallaudet,
Father, son and seer;
Here we stand in faithful ranks,
Master Spirits hear our thanks—
Thou we hold most dear.

Gallaudet, Gallaudet,
Father, son and seer;
Opened they the gates of light
In their wisdom and their might,
Banishing our fear.

Gallaudet, Gallaudet,
Father, son and seer;
Bravely facing Dragon Doubt,
Conquerors in every bout—
Worthy sons they rear.

Out of darkness drear,
Marshaled they the troops of thought,
Gloriously have they wrought—
Gallaudet, Gallaudet,
Father, son and seer.

Gallaudet, Gallaudet,
Alma Mater hear!
Sons and daughters to thee sing,
Love and veneration bring—
Thou without a peer.

—George M. Teegarden, '76.

With the Silent Workers

(Continued from page 59)

would have been puzzled by the Ballin make-up, expressions and antics. It seems in the picture he was a hermit who constituted the guard of Suicide Rock and prevented rash parties from ending it all right, and at the opening



Mr. and Mrs. Granville Redmond

he is breakfasting off pearls or soft clams, or something. He looks as if he might be taking off Captain Noah, after the forty days downpour, or perhaps Mr. Rip Van Winkle after the long sleep. Which reminds me that no one, so far as I know, ever answered the question as to who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle when old Rip ambled off.

The hermit yanks the would-be suicide back from danger and when he learns the gentleman's intentions, gives him pills to bring about finis in a neat manner and avoid musing up Mt. Ararat—no, I mean Suicide Rock—promising that rigor mortis will ensue in 60 minutes. Of course this is just a subterfuge that the wily old hermit uses, and before the hour is up a bathing beauty happens along and the fellow is in love again. And so ends one of the most remarkable things I have ever witnessed on the screen.

Of course the time may come when enough deaf actors can be assembled to make up a producing company; but I don't think the stock-selling plan will go through for a while yet, and I do think the next venture of deaf people before the Kleig lights should have Granville Redmond in the cast, for he, at least, has shown he can act with "big-time" performers.

En passant, Mr. Ballin's book venture, entitled "The



Granville Redmond first appeared in "The Fall of Ug" in the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma County, Cal., in 1913. Next in San Francisco, 1915, with Dick Hoteling in "In an Art Studio" at the Bohemian Club; with Eric Francis, in "Fearless Ferguson" at San Francisco, 1916; with Charlie Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," 1918; "A Day's Pleasure," 1919; "The Kid," 1921; "A Woman of Paris," 1923; with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers," in 1921. With Raymond Griffith in "He's a Prince," 1925, and "You'd be Surprise," 1926, both for Famous Players-Lasky.

Deaf-Mute Howls," is not yet on the press, but some of them sure did howl when they saw some of the funny things in Mr. Ballin's novel screen debut at Dr. Taylor's school.



"Bob and his Husky," son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Gruet, of Northville, N. Y.

AN INVITATION

to American Friendship Dolls to go to Japan for the Doll Festival



COME, Dolls of America, you're asked to go
To a Festival quaint, and you'd like it, I know;
So neatly and daintily dress in your best,
And start on your travels with gladness and zest.

O come by the hundreds and thousands and more,
And journey along to a far distant shore
Where dear little children, with joy and delight,
Will welcome and love you, their eyes shining bright;
The words they will speak—very strange they will be
To dolls who have travelled from over the Sea.

You'll sit as their guests and watch busy girls try
To learn how to keep their homes tidy—Oh—my!—
To make dainty dishes that you've never seen
With bamboo and seaweed and sweet pasty bean;

To bow to their guests in a low, proper way,
And practice homemaking as though it were play.

And often the neighbors and guests who attend
The festivities gay, will all praise and commend
The lovely American dolls who have come
Over land, over sea, far away from their home.
And they'll ask why it is that you dolls have been sent,
Then for answer you'll say that your coming was meant
To tell of the friendship and interest true
Of children whose flag is the red, white and blue,
For those who are living in cherry-bloom land,
To whom they would hold out a child's friendly hand.

And the spirit of childhood shall show us the way
To friendship that lasts, and to Peace that shall stay.

FRESH FLORIDA ORANGES

Fresh Sweet Florida Oranges \$3 per box of three hundred large size. Sound fruit and satisfaction guaranteed or money back. We pay express charges. A box of these makes an appreciated Christmas gift. Remit with order.

ACME FARMS, Gainesville, Florida.

Atlanta Deaf are Home Owners

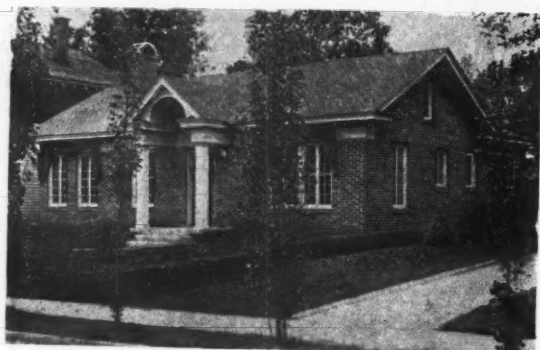
By Mrs. C. L. Jackson



ATLANTA is essentially a city of homes, and the deaf citizens of Atlanta are fast finding that out. An ever increasing number of them are becoming home-owners by either building or buying homes of their own.

On this page will be found a few of the modern dwellings owned and occupied by some of our leading deaf citizens. There are numerous others owning their homes in and around Atlanta, among whom are Ross A. Johnson, of Marietta; Worth Tate, of East Point, and Robert Freeman, of Atlanta, and many others too numerous to mention here.

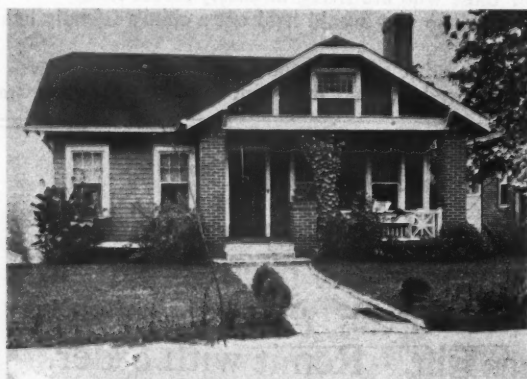
One of the most beautiful and modern homes shown here is that of Rev. S. M. Freeman over in Decatur.



W. T. Brown Photo.
Home of Rev. S. M. Freeman, Decatur, Ga.

Mr. Freeman purchased his lot which adjoins the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. M. Simmons, several years ago and had the house built by the Minter Home Financing Company according to plans and designs made by Mrs. Freeman and himself, which includes a laundry plant in the basement, a nice roomy attic and many other labor saving attachments, the joy of Mrs. Freeman's life. Lucky for the Freemans, they had just completed paying the Minter Company when that company failed and went into bankruptcy.

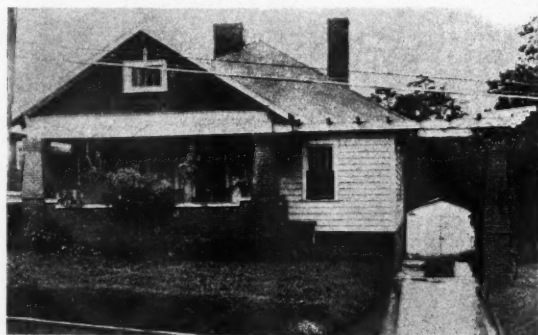
Messrs. Bishop, Dickerson, and Gholdston, whose homes appear on this page, bought their homes from real estate dealers when first built, paying several hundred dollars cash and the balance like rent. They have all



W. T. Brown Photo.
Home of J. G. Bishop, Atlanta, Ga.

almost completed paying for them now, and in another year or two will own these homes free of all incumbrances.

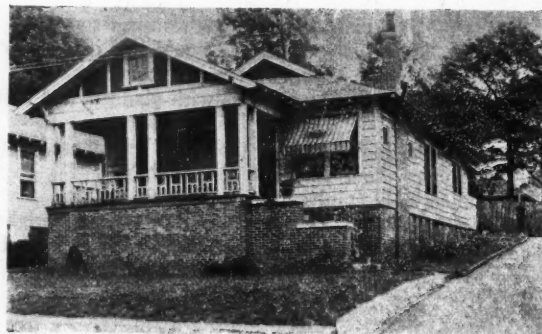
Mr. Robert Freeman, another of the Atlanta deaf,



W. T. Brown Photo.
Home of L. B. Dickerson, Atlanta, Ga.

employed for several years at the Ford Plant, bought, not one, but two houses at the same time. He now lives in half of one of the houses and rents the other half out for enough to meet all payments on it and has the other rented out to a family for more than enough to meet all payments on that. In this way he is making both houses pay for themselves without having to pay one cent out of his own money other than his initial payment, which we understand was five hundred dollars each. This is a bit of good financing which other of our deaf might do well to emulate.

Mr. W. T. Brown, our well known photographer at



W. T. Brown Photo.
Home of W. E. Gholdston, Atlanta, Ga.

Hapeville, owns a large two-story dwelling and a large vacant lot adjoining on one of the principal streets in that suburb. He purchased these quite a number of years ago when real estate was cheap, and since then he has frequently been offered twice what he paid for the vacant lot alone, but he has always refused to sell. He may build a large apartment house on this lot some day.

There are scores of other deaf home owners hereabout, and others planning to buy in the near future.

Atlanta has always been a good city for any deaf person who really wanted to work and settle down, to find employment. The deaf of Atlanta are seldom out of work and settle down and build up a home here and be-

come a self-supporting, self-respecting citizens of this town, can always find work, and not only work, but the friendly hand of good hearing people held out to help and encourage him.

The climate here is ideal. One can work out-doors the year round if he so wishes. We believe that Atlanta possesses more deaf home owners than any other city in the South, yet, still more of them should own their homes.

Atlanta has always been a good city for any deaf person over the list of well-to-do, happy and contented deaf citizens and home owners of Atlanta should convince the rest of the non-home owners that they should, by all means, "go and do likewise."

Joining Time

Again does the AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS ask you to join. It's Roll Calls are annual invitations to those who would aid the distressed, care for the



suffering and make little children glad. You can promote and develop the Red Cross program through membership. This year from Armistice Day through Thanksgiving, November 11 to 25, is the period set for enrolling members for 1927.

RED CROSS DISPLAYS RECORD OF SERVICE IN ANNOUNCING NEW MEMBERSHIP ROLL CALL

WITH a record of service in many fields at home and abroad, during the past year, the American Red Cross on Armistice day, November 11th, launched the Tenth Annual Roll Call for membership. The Roll Call continued until Thanksgiving. People all over the country were asked to join.

In the past year the Red Cross rendered relief in 62

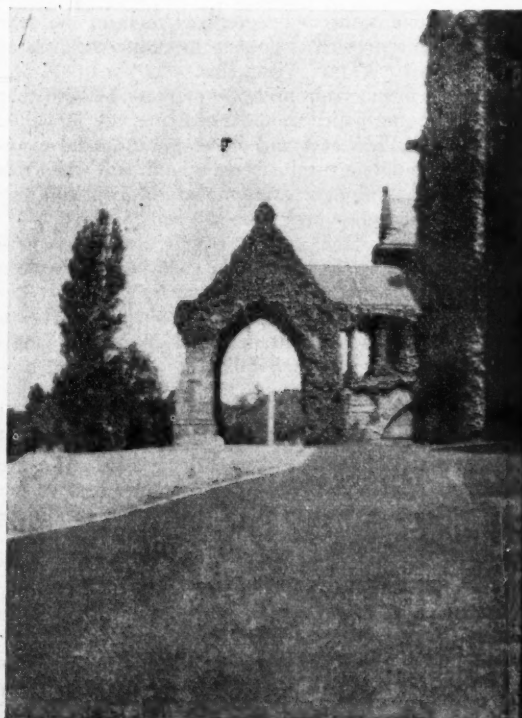
disasters at home, and more than 15 abroad. During the same period, the Red Cross assisted an average of nearly 80,000 disabled veterans and their families every month, while continuing in peace for the men still in the country's armed forces, those services which it rendered in war to the armies.

Classes in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick were conducted by Red Cross instructors in every State including Alaska, with exception of Delaware and Nevada; instruction was also given in the Philippines, in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. A total of 57,370 students were instructed, of which number 35,616 qualified for certificates.

Nearly 800 Red Cross Public Health nurses assisted in promoting community health throughout the United States in the past year. As a further contribution to health, Red Cross nutritionists taught proper foods for health to 114,000 children and 4,000 adults.

Approximately 20,000 persons completed the Red Cross First Aid course during the year, and received certificates after passing rigid qualification tests. They are now numbered with many other thousands in various walks of life especially industrial, where such training may be instrumental in saving life and preventing suffering. A total membership of 102,076 trained members of the Red Cross Life Saving Corpses worked for safety at the country's water-resorts the past year, 29,266 members having been trained and enrolled after qualifying during the year. Many other thousands were taught to swim.

Volunteers in this, and many other branches of Red Cross service assisted in making its work effective. The Junior Red Cross numbering about 5,000,000 American school children participated the past year in many activities at home, besides a number of foreign projects, in the interests of international friendship. In announcing the dates of the Roll Call, the Red Cross states that it is to maintain such service that membership is needed.



The Arch driveway—Mt. Airy School

The LONG HORNS

"The eyes of Texas are upon you."

By Troy E. Hill



AT THE ST. PAUL CONVENTION of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, the Convention in assembly voted to not accept the ladies as members of the Society, and at that time the writer made a statement that since the Frat did not want the women, that there should be a separate organization for them so that they could carry insurance.

For nearly three years the idea lay buried under a load of less important things, but was finally brought to light by Mr. J. D. Lowrey, of Waco, Texas, and Mr. John B. Lovick, of Shreveport, La., and the result of a conference in Dallas, along about the 1st of August, resulted in the organization of "THE AMERICAN MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION FOR THE DEAF."

The plan of this Association is as follows: Membership fee, including cost of medical examination, only \$5.00; two dollars annual dues, payable November 1st and May 1st, each year. No further expenses unless a member dies, loses his sight, both hands, or become totally and permanently disabled.

On the recommendation of our Association's Medical Director, the applicant is issued a Benefit Certificate, the value of which is \$1.00 for each member in good standing, up to one thousand (\$1,000.00) dollars.

When death or disability of a member occurs the claim, not to exceed \$1,000, will be paid to beneficiary, and the members are assessed \$1.25 each, and notice of such assessment is mailed to each member. The \$1.00 goes into the Benefit Fund so as to be prepared to meet the next claim, the twenty-five cents goes to meet the expenses of the clerical work.

We want a membership of 1,500 or more. With that many members the policy should not depreciate in value. The surplus members over and above one thousand members will accumulate a surplus benefit fund, and when this surplus benefit fund has accumulated to \$1000.00 you will receive a free assessment stamped paid.

Any white deaf person, male or female, living anywhere in the United States of America, in good health, between the ages 16 and 65, may become a member.

The purpose of our organization is to admit deaf women to the benefits of insurance, and to provide additional insurance for the men folks, at the cheapest possible rate.

We have no intention of trying to compete in the field with the Frat. All of our officers belong to the Frat and practically all the men members belong also. We are trying to make it possible for the Frat members to get additional insurance, and to allow their wives to also be insured.

Both husband and wife should insure themselves, making the protection mutual.

Many wives are against insurance, but all widows favor it. THERE'S A REASON.

We are organized under the laws of the State of Texas. We have as yet secured no permit to do business in any other state, but we can accept membership by mail and we can work other states by mail, but as soon as we

receive permits from the various State departments to do business in those states, we will appoint state agents, who can then appoint sub-agents in each city or town where the deaf population is large enough to warrant it.

WE HAVE NO STOCKHOLDERS, NO DIVIDENDS, NO HIGH SALARIED OFFICERS. OUR PLAN IS A MUTUAL PROTECTION PLAN, the same as is operated in practically every city of any size in the State of Texas.

Of course, there will be knockers who will compare us with Lauder and Shean, and other fake schemes. But remember the folks laughed at those first four Frats, back in the long ago. But look at the Frat now.

All we are asking is that you give us a chance. And don't forget that our plan will save you money in the long run.

Of course, we are not perfect, and there will be many all over the country who will pick flaws in our organization, and try to sink our ship, but bear with us, friends, and you will someday be glad you joined. If you have any criticism to make, send it in to us, don't spread it over the country and not give us a chance to know what you think about us. We invite your comment and criticism.

HERE IT IS IN A NUTSHELL. \$5.00 to join, \$2.00 per year annual dues. If no member dies, no other assessment will be made, only \$1.25 per month when one dies. The Frat has 6,000 members, and the average number of deaths out of this number a year is, say, 36 members. Suppose we had 6,000 members, it would cost you only \$47.00 a year and you would have about \$4,000 insurance in force at that rate, which is about as cheap as anyone could find anywhere?

We will welcome inquiries, and be glad to send applications to any deaf person anywhere in the United States or Canada.

HERE IS OUR NAME AND OUR OFFICERS:

American Mutual Aid Association for the Deaf, of Officers are: Troy E. Hill, care District Clerk, Dallas, Texas, president; John B. Lovick, 1624 Logan St., Shreveport, La., vice-president; J. D. Lowrey, Box 351, Waco, Texas, secretary-treasurer.

Directors are: Troy E. Hill, Dallas, Texas; Wm. B. Utley, Fort Worth, Texas; Tom Davis, Fort Worth, Texas; Tilden Smith, Waco, Texas; John B. Lovick, Shreveport, La.; Tom P., Houston, Texas; Jack Miller, Houston, Texas; Grover A. Morgan, Talladega, Ala.; John Maxwell, Attorney, Waco, Texas; Dr. M. D. Baker, Medical Director, Waco, Texas.

For information or application blanks, write to Troy E. Hill, District Clerk, Dallas, Texas.

OUR HOUSTON

*Our Houston's a-growin', you bet!
Our Houston's a-climbin' to the top,
And everybody grins and smiles,
Even "Old Cranky," the cop.*

The flivvers are a-flivin'.

*And the whistles all a-blowin';
That's a darn good sign
That Houston's a-growin'.*

*And, gee, the skyscrapers,
They're growin' so d— high,
That, true are the words,
They're scraping the sky.*

*And the flappers sure flap
When the wind's a-blowin'?
And that's a good reason
Why Houston's a-growin'.*

*There are plenty of parks
And plenty of whiskey, too,
Plenty places for rest and play,
And plenty of work to do.*

*Our Houston while the wind's a-blowin',
Our Houston while the wind's a-blowin',
Always our Houston, forever,
So let's smile and keep'er a-growin'.*

Was our Convention a success? This question has been asked of me several times and each answer I gave was in the affirmative. It was a success and some say it was the most successful convention the state has had.



College Group. Seated, left to right. R. M. Rives, '93; Mrs. A. S. Courrage (nee LeClerc), '24; A. S. Courrage, '20; Miss Estelle Caldwell, '28; Miss Leoma Gerber, Ex-'20; R. L. Davis, '09; Back row, left to right. W. K. Gibson, '18; Miss Claire Crockett, Ex-'29; Miss Olivia Edwards, Ex-'28; Carey Cook Shaw, '28; Troy E. Hill, Ex-'20; Mrs. Gordon B. Allen (nee Edwards), '24; Gordon B. Allen, Ex-'24.

Letters received by R. C. Morriss, chairman of the Convention Committee came from all sections of the state expressing their thanks for the courtesy extended them and for the good times they had and the success of the convention made possible by Houston's ever alert and hustling go getters.

An eaves-dropper at the convention caught this bit of chatter, inevitable, from a couple of out-of-State know-alls.

Old Hen: "Who's that tall, gay looking jink over there?"

The Egg: "Gay! That's Troy Hill, of Dallas.

Why, he is so dumb he thinks Q. E. D. is a radio station."

"And who is the smiling short fellow talking with the dumbell?"

"That's R. C. Morriss, the new President of the T. A. D. He's so stingy he looks over his spectacles to keep from wearing them out."

"And the fellow with the witches' chin talking to those ladies?"

"That's R. L. Davis, of Austin. R. L. is a fine fellow,



Akron and Ex-Akronites. Seated, all by himself.—Troy E. Hill, first Longhorn silent to go to Akron. Front row, seated, left to right. Grady Ashley, A. S. Courrage, Mrs. F. R. Billingsly, Mrs. Lonnie Irvin, Mrs. Bert Lambkin, Bert Lambkin, Dewitt Greene. Back row, L. to R. Osa Hazel, Tom Lambkin, M. S. Paco, E. S. Empson, Lonnie Irvin, Joe Moore, and R. L. Davis.

only he is too sensitive. He thinks Fordtran, Texas, is a new kind of locomotive invented by Henry Ford."

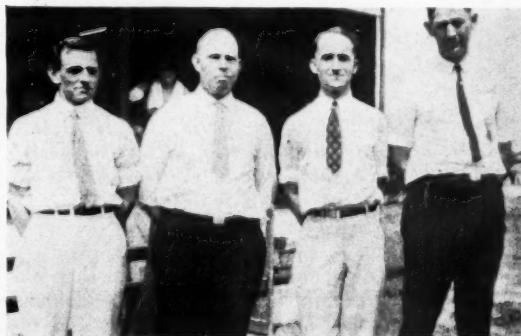
"Isn't that Jack Miller with his hat and coat off?"

"Yes, that's he Jack's a fighting demon, mostly fighting mosquitoes and he usually wins. He is one of the committee, that's the reason he has his coat and hat off."

"Who's the kind looking, high-up and short around fellow flirting with those Houston girls?"

"O, that's W. M. Davis, of Austin, former president of the T. A. D. He has lots of brains, that's why he looks so much like Andy Gump—brains!"

"Who are those two love-birds over there? I notice



Newly Elected Officers of the T. A. D. Left to right—R. C. Morriss, of Houston, President, Mr. Harvey L. Ford, of Waco, First Vice-President; Jack J. Miller, of Houston, Second Vice-President; T. E. Hill of Dallas, Secy Treas.

they like high life as they have had a dozen rides on the Luna Park roller coaster today."

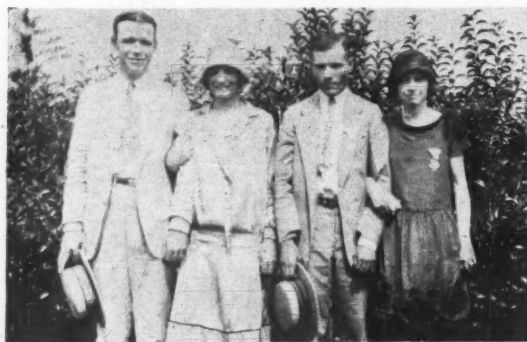
"Love birds? Gosh, they have been married long enough to have grandchildren. They are Mr. and Mrs.

"Ah, that's Mr. Ford, of Waco, over there is it? Is he any kin to the flivver king?"

"Yes, he's a grandson of the flivver."

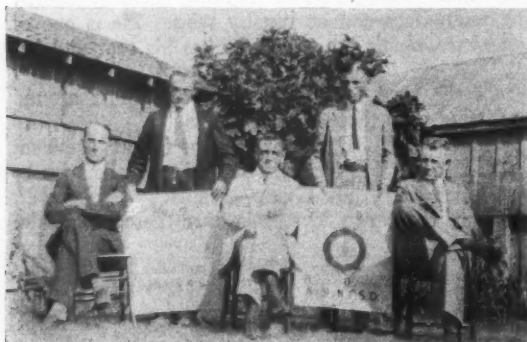
"There comes a frisky couple, who are they?"

"They are Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Gibson, of Dallas. Mr. Gibson is a fine man, but the hellweits, he's trying to make us believe that H. O. contains 60% pre-war stuff—he's a chemist."



The Newlyweds. "Married just in time for the convention. Left to right—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon B. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Carlson.

Dan Cupid envaded Houston during the summer and caused several hearts to beat in double gear. Miss Wemona Edwards of Saluda, South Carolina, and Mr. Gordon B. Allen, of Houston, were married at the First Baptist Church, Houston, Texas, on June 20th, the Rev. James B. Leavell, pastor of the church officiating. Mrs. Allen is a graduate of Gallaudet, 1925, and taught

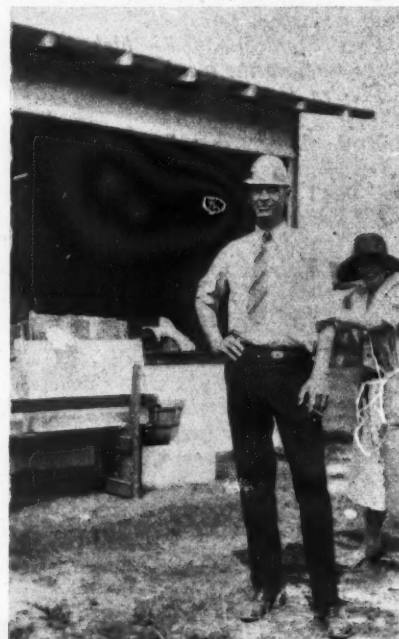


The Houston Local Committee. Seated, left to right. J. J. Miller, R. C. Morriss, Chairman, E. Empson, Back Row. Jules Burchardt, and John R. Carlson. The two Signs are some of the ones used in the Parade staged Saturday night.

school one year at the South Carolina School, her old Alma Mater. Mr. Allen is a graduate of the Oklahoma School and was a member of the class of 1928 of Gallaudet and completed one year's course in linotyping at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

On June 28, Miss Evelyn Wren, of Indian Creek, Texas, and Mr. John Carlson, of Houston, were married at the home of the bride's parents. They are both former pupils of the Texas School and a very popular couple. They will reside in Houston. All the deaf join in wishing these "younguns" a happy and ever cooing life. Pass the old shoes, fellers, they will need 'em—congratulations.

The Houston Silent Club is ever growing and its future is bright. Several entertainments have been given by the Club during the summer, but lack of space and



Tom the Policeman's Son. Hon. Tom P. Jackson, Genial Soul, and one of the best liked deaf men in South Texas. That there female standing back ready to swat the Hon. Tom is Mrs. Empson. Wonder where Hon. Hubby Empson could be.

brains compells us to leave out details of the events.

New officers were elected for the next term of six months. The new officers are Gordon B. Allen, president; Miss Alice Smith, vice-president; Mrs. Gordon B.



Mrs. Lillie Hazel, and Mrs. Jess King, of Dallas, Texas, resting of the Beach at Galveston Labor Day Sept. 5, 1926.

Allen, secretary; Mrs. Sal. Buchardt, treasurer, and Mr. John Empson, sergeant-at-arms. The latter two were re-elected.

Several boosters of the Dallas Steers baseball team



A crowd of Deaf folks on the Beach at Galveston.



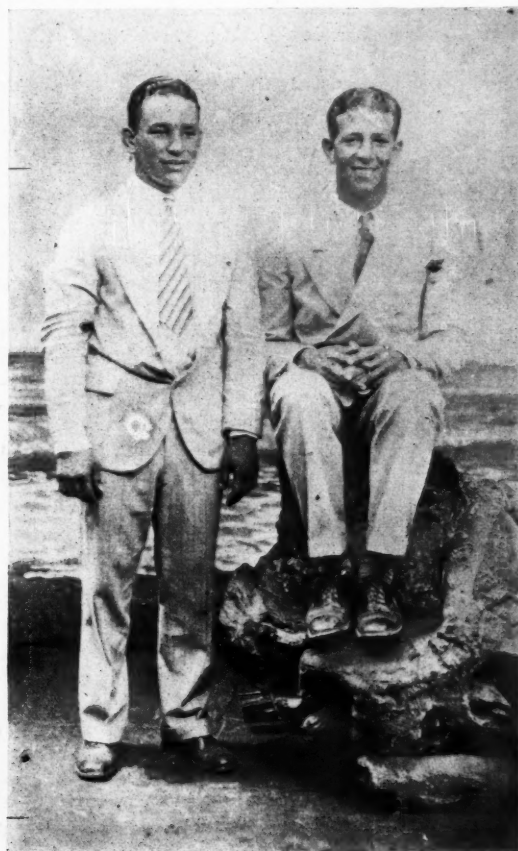
Mrs. Hazel and Dummy Mahan on the Pier at Galveston.

game of final series between the teams to be played at home this season. The Steers won 3 to 2 in that game, but Houston won the next day 3 to 0. took advantage of the excursion to Houston Sunday, August 29, to see the Houston Buffs base the opening

Albin St. Germain, of New Orleans, spent Labor Day and Tuesday at Houston and Galveston.

Le Roy Colombo, of Galveston, the deaf king of the Gulf Coast ten miles swimming record, made a trip to St. Louis, Missouri, and competed in the First Annual National A. A. U. ten mile swim race August 21st.

Though Colombo had never experienced river water before he won the eighth place. There were twenty-six



Two Silent Lads well up the Ladder of Fame Fred "Dummy" Mahan, Silent Welterweight Fighting Lad. Champion of the South, and of the Atlantic Feet in the Welterweight class and Leroy Colombo, Champion long distance Swimmer of Galveston, Texas. Who finished 8th in the 10 Mile Swim at St. Louis last August.

Both Mahan and Colombo, are former pupils of the Texas School for the Deaf. Mahan is of Spanish Irish stock while Colombo is of French stock, both were born and reared in Texas however.

who started and not one of them gave up. Colombo's time was 1:46:40. Clarence Ross, of the New York A. C., came in first for his third consecutive time with his time being 1:35:32. The record for the ten mile swim is 1:29:40 and was set by Bud Goodwin, of New York, in 1910.

Colombo did well by winning the eighth place, for he suffered a sprained shoulder in Gym. training shortly before the event and also not being used to river swimming he was a bit handicapped.

The Texas Longhorn fight fans are strutting around like a scattered flock of game cocks new since another deaf Texan has sprang to the lights of popularity in the athletic world. This time it is in the art of pugilism.

Fred Mesa, of San Antonio, better known as Dummy Mahan, is climbing on to a whack for the welterweight crown of the world. He has had around 80 bouts and has never been floored. Mahan is in the Don Curley—Walk Miller stable, whose head-liner is Tiger Flowers, the middleweight champion. Mahan is a comparative youngster, though his record includes wins over some of the best boxers south of the Mason and Dixon line, including Eddie Chaney, Wildcat Monte, Merci Montez, Charlie Pitts and Sandi Esquivel. Esquivel is of El Paso, and a University of Texas athletic star. Mahan knocked him out in the second, a short time ago, and won a decision over him in a return match at Dallas, August 30th.

His last bout was at Galveston on Labor Day when he was put against the "Wop Sheik" Joe Lewis, of New Orleans, junior welterweight champion of the South. But the Sheik didn't have a chance. The Mauling Mute, as Mahan is known to his boosters, won the fight by a wide margin, having given the Crescent City only one Hanza and that was when he opened a cut over Mahan's right eye in the tenth.

As we read in the papers, Dummy Mahan, bronze-skinned battler from San Antonio, can only talk with rights and lefts—but he taught Joe Lewis, of New Orleans, several new ideas in the art of Conversation "when they met on the Crystal Palace roof at Galveston Labor Day. From the latter part of the first round when Mahan said "How do you do?" With a flashing left that sent the Pelican state battler's head back until the closing round when the Mauling Mute from the Alamo City sent over a series of "good night" with both hands it was all Mahan's fight. Come on, you fight fans of Texas, and boost him on to the Welter crown. Thanks for the buggy ride! To you, Mahan, keep up that solar pelus punch and we'll make Don Curley, your boss, get after Tex for a whack at the Welter crown.

A large number of the Houston outfit spent Labor Day in the beach at Galveston where they witnessed some of the swimming races.

Then came the Mahan-Lewis scrap in the evening, which sent cold chills through them. They were with Mahan most of the morning chatting and making snapshots.

They all said Mahan was a "wonderful and smiling boxer" with a great defense.

(Furnished by Gordon B. Allen)

For Houston, the summer of 1926, has been a great one, in fact, about the most evenful that Houston has known. The State Convention here last July has put the town on the boom as far as the deaf are concerned. Since the convention there have come invaders from all parts of the State and even from California. It is needless to say why they came for the gayety of Houston, and the opportunity it offers would cause anyone to want to pitch his tent and go to work. They are still coming too, one by one, and Houston's population of deafies is growing gradually, and the first thing you know Houston will be in the rank of all other cities that deserve any recognition of being the place for prosperity for the coming generation of Deafdom.

THAT RICH FLAVOR

Roger: "Cliff read somewhere that the cigarette brand he uses is 'toasted.'"

Halbert: "Yes."

Roger: "So now he butters them before smoking."

Resolutions Of Respect

Editor Silent Worker: ..

Dear Sir:—At the late meeting of the Board of Managers of the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf the following Resolutions were passed:

Prompted by a spirit of deep sorrow over the death of a fellow member in the person of Rev. C. W. Charles, Waco, Texas.

and by a sincere appreciation of the work he has rendered, be it

Resolved, That this Board has lost a co-worker whose influence, integrity, loyalty, and enthusiasm has made his services hard to dispense with; that his name is a landmark in the growth, success, and maintenance of the Home which stands as a monument to the honor of large souled people; be it further

Resolved, That in order that our recognition and appreciation be made known. A copy of these resolutions he sent to his bereaved family; that it be transcribed in the Minutes of this Board and be published in *The Chronicle*, *THE SILENT WORKER* and *The Deaf Mutes' Journal*.

Committee:

JOHN C. WINEMILLER

ELLA A. ZELL

GEO. F. FLICK

R. P. MACGREGOR, Board Secretary.



Robert G. Miller, of Morganton, N. C., teacher, capitalist and traveler. Mr. Miller, visiting Seattle, Wash., last Summer, has decided to locate there indefinitely.

THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



ORK in a commercial chemical laboratory is usually of a very secretive nature. Generally there is nothing to show for the work but an array of figures. These figures have been bought and paid for by others, who generally, for various reasons, oppose having them or any of the transactions connected with them disclosed. Time, however, dims the past, and The Argonaut, going back twenty years or more, has written a short series of articles, which may be of interest to the deaf, as affording them an insight into a phase of life, not commonly experienced by them.

Our first laboratory, established toward the end of the last century, was at the corner where Leidesdorf street intersects Sacramento street. This corner represented the very heart of metropolitan life in San Francisco, in the early fifties, during the excitement attending the gold rush. Leidesdorf street later became lined with firms dealing in mining stock and indeed all kinds of stock, being the mecca through which the speculative west accumulated a few of its huge fortunes and depleted many of the rest. At the time we established there, these places of questionable repute had mostly disappeared, and been superseded by more stable establishments on California Street, a block away. But the habitues who had lost their money in the previous era hadn't disappeared. They hung around Leidesdorf street, recounting again and again the stirring scenes of old, and when their finances permitted it, taking a last and usually disastrous fling at the stock market. Naturally these old denizens of Leidesdorf street were almost perennially broke. Hence Leidesdorf Street came to be known and was nearly always referred to as Pauper Alley.

Our establishment on the corner of Pauper Alley was in one of the most strongly built buildings in the city, even though it was one of the first brick buildings erected. Evidently San Franciscans of the early days hadn't stifled themselves when it came to the erection of substantial structures. On the opposite corner was another fine building, needing only a coat of paint on the exterior and furnishing of the interior to restore its olden splendor. Through the external crime one could with some effort make out the word "What Cheer House," and indeed it was once this famous hostelry of pioneer days. It was in the What Cheer House some time before the Civil War that a friend of U. S. Grant climbed the stairs to the very topmost room in the attic there to find the future president in the direst poverty, with little to wear and nothing to eat. He was also in disgrace, having been discharged from the army through his inability to resist the temptation of strong drink. The inactivity of peace times brought nothing but failure to Grant, after his unusual successes in the Mexican War.

The friend provided him with funds and bundled him off east to his family, shortly after which came the Civil War and Grant's phenomenal rise to fame.

The What Cheer House and the building in which we were located came through the earthquake and fire of 1906 practically unscathed. The time of which I am writing was some years before this double catastrophe. Our office fronted on Sacramento Street. There was a door on the side leading in from Pauper Alley to the furthest part of the laboratory, a room which by reason of lack of windows was always semi-dark and was used for the storage of coke, ore samples, and what-not.

About this time, there drifted into the place an individual with a ten or twenty pound sack of crushed ore to be assayed. He bore all the earmarks of a prospector who had brushed up a little for a brief stay in the metropolis. We assayed his ore for gold. To the uninitiated it may be said that a small quantity of finely ground ore is treated in such a manner that the gold it contains is ultimately brought into the form of a small globule, more or less combined with silver if any were present in the ore. This globule is called the bead. Usually it is very small, sometimes, though it can be seen, it is not weighable upon the most delicate of balances. A bead the size of a pin head indicates rich ore.

The ore which we assayed brought forth the largest beads by far that we ever met with before or after. They were the size of vest buttons. Naturally the ore was very rich, in fact a large part of it was gold. We were interested in it but more interested in the individual who brought it in. When he called for the results of his assays, he good naturedly informed us that he had struck it rich for the fourth time. On the three previous occasions he had run through his new found wealth in short order, but now he was getting old and on this the fourth occasion, he intended to hold on to his good luck. He was a prospector pure and simple, but would follow up his finds with some sort of primitive mining. On this occasion he estimated from the results of our assay that he had concentrated out about \$100,000 of ore. I believe he mentioned the place as Coffee Creek and he didn't seem to think there would be any more such finds in the district. Sometime afterwards I read of a stampede to Coffee Creek, but do not believe any of the newcomers profited greatly.

When we proffered the prospector his bag of ore which had been assayed, he very generously told us to keep it. We stored the bag in the dim room at the rear of the laboratory alongside a row of cupels, each containing beads of shining gold obtained from the sample and worth about \$2.50 apiece. We estimated the bag to contain about \$400 worth of gold and we intended to smelt it down ourselves at a convenient date.

About this time there was being shipped from a copper mine in Mexico to a smelter in California for further refining, a product known as copper matte, to which condition the ore had been brought by the more primitive Mexican methods. Besides a large content of copper, the matte also contained gold and silver. The shipments came about every two weeks and though not very large, represented a value of about \$25,000 each. Samples taken at the smelter were assayed by us and compared with the smelter assays. In case of any discrepancies between our results and those obtained by the smelter, there was a reserve supply of samples for assay by a third party, usually some one in the East, in Denver or New York. This third party made what was known as an umpire assay, and from the results obtained all around, the value of the shipment was determined. We had many of these samples lying, with others, in the rear room in close proximity to the rich Coffee Creek concentrates.

Not long after a young man professing to be the owner of a claim which he was developing came into the office. He picked up an acquaintance with us and appeared a likeable young fellow. In a few days he returned with a sample of ore from his mine to be assayed. It ran extremely rich. In fact, it was a bonanza. He promised that more samples would soon arrive. We gave him the run of our place. He confided to me that he was much interested in medical chemistry, especially poisons, their analysis, effects on the human body, and antidotes for the same. During subsequent visits he brought various books on poisons to the laboratory and insisted upon my accepting them as gifts, as he was plentifully supplied and had no further need for the books. He brought in more samples from his mine. They invariably ran rich in gold, silver, and copper.

He was secretive about the location of his mine. Considering the content of the samples submitted to us this appeared natural. But he hadn't paid for any of the assays. This couldn't go on forever. Finally he made promises to let us in on the claim. There would be something for all of us. He made arrangements with my partner to visit the mine. The departure was set for early in the morning from the laboratory. They were to take a train direct. But the youthful mine owner didn't show up. After waiting for some time my partner visited his room at the hotel. There was no response to repeated knocking on the door. The clerk at the place believed the young man was still in his room. They climbed to the transom and looked in. A figure lay upon the bed fully dressed. Breaking into the room, they found the young man dead. He had taken poison, a victim of his own hallucinations.

Then things began to unravel themselves. There was no mine. The young man had simply taken some sample bags and entering the laboratory by the Leidesdorf entrance had mixed up some of the Coffee Creek concentrates with the Mexican Copper Matte. The result was a rich sample. This procedure he repeated from time to time. Evidently the hypothetical miner was not all right in the head. He had been treated at a certain hospital and had access to the place. From the hospital he had purloined the books on poisons which he so graciously presented to me. Hospital attendants called at the laboratory and obtained these books. Then it was that I discovered that some of my chemical books were missing. They had evidently been taken from my shelves and presented to employees at the hospital. But try as I would I never could get them back.

* * *

In this free land of ours, society is just about what the members belonging make it. This holds true for

the deaf as well as the hearing. The spread of smoking amongst women, even in what is termed the best society of the hearing, is becoming quite prevalent. But to the credit of the deaf, at least in this neck of the woods, smoking is not only strictly taboo amongst the women, but is quite forbidden to male addicts in the presence of women. This was quite forcibly demonstrated at a recent party. During the absence of the ladies from the room, one of the young guests with the permission of the host, a rather recent arrival from the east, started puffing at a cigarette. Upon the return of the ladies, a charming young matron indignantly asked the young man, "Who gave you permission to smoke?" "Why, the host, of course," the latter replied. To which came back the stinging rejoinder, "Well, hereafter, ask the ladies present for that permission." At which the young man wilted and the cigarette he held headed for the fireplace. Our country may not be in any decadence, but if it is, its salvation can be hastened by individual instances such as the above.

* * *

Cards were the motive for another party. I believe it was Dutch whist. There was a fair sprinkling of hearing people, practically all of whom could spell and sign. In the course of time I was shifted into the vicinity of a hearing lady, who was not playing cards and furthermore was not interested. So I felt it my duty to play the good Samaritan and engaged her in conversation, only to find that she was not familiar with finger spelling or signs. Then and there I reasoned thusly: "I have come to this party for relaxation and entertainment. For forty years I have been reading lips; I feel the time has come when I may have my choice in that respect. For tonight I most certainly chose the sign language." Thereupon I terminated the oral conversation and the hearing lady for want of anything else to do, fell asleep. There were other and better lipreaders in that assembly than myself, but none of them rushed to my rescue. Can you blame me?

* * *

Speaking of this conflict of signs with speech and lip-reading, the most brilliant deaf lady I ever met, recently admitted, "If I perforce had to make the choice of giving up either signs and finger spelling or speech and lip-reading, I would without hesitation give up speech and lip-reading. Not that speech and lip-reading are not of very great value to me and constantly used, but that I value the association of my deaf friends the more." Now this comes from a lady who is an expert at expressing herself orally. I am well aware that there are many deaf people orally educated and unfamiliar with the sign language who cannot comprehend such a choice, and also that there are a few deaf fluent users of sign who would decry such a decision. But let it be known that that this deaf lady in question is just as capable as any of those who might disagree with her; probably much more so. Anything that they can do in the conversational line, anywhere that they can go socially, so also can she. No one has had more experience. Who is better qualified to judge?

* * *

Some one has remarked that the conversation of sign users is limited to 4, whereas speech readers have a field of 10,000 from which to choose their companions. This is an erroneous conclusion. Many of the sign users are expert at conversing orally. Many others who are not, have a personality and a pad and pencil which will break far into the ranks of the 10,000. Only a small percentage of the 10,000 are so illiterate that they cannot write. Of course there are some who are not interested

in writing. On the other hand, there are those who are bores. Looks like a 50-50 proposition. Let's be cheerful and conclude that what we miss, we escape. Then don't forget the selected 4, to which the deaf are supposed to be limited, are truly selected. They are birds of the same feather, out of which you are presumably the 5th. Presumably out of the four, you'll find one congenial companion, and then if you care to figure, in a large community of a million people, this will give you a social group of more than a hundred friends, quite enough for anyone. You can have any kind of a good time with them. The other million people can't be overlooked. One must rub shoulders with them more or less, else one's larder runs low and the wolf prowls around the door. There aren't a million people everywhere, but the deaf head heavily to districts where there are. N. B.—I worked on the basis of the ratio 4 to 10,000 being correct; it's not my ratio and I don't guarantee it.

Reunion At The Maryland School

The ninth quadrennial reunion of graduates and former pupils of the Maryland State School for the Deaf was held June 11-14, 1926, at the school in Frederick, Md. Taking into consideration the number in the attendance, their co-operation, disposition, *et al*, no previous reunion came up to it. The school was host to nearly 350 guests.

During this reunion there were two sessions of the Maryland State School Alumni Association at which officers were elected, resolutions passed and routine business done.

The outstanding event which will make the reunion

worthy to be remembered was the presentation of \$100 in gold to Superintendent Bjorlee by the alumni and former pupils as a testimonial of their gratitude to the gentleman for his labors in their behalf, which resulted in a decision by the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles to grant them rights to drive automobiles on the highways of Maryland.

The resolutions are here appended:

Resolved, That we graduates and former pupils in reunion assembled heartily commend the administration of Superintendent Bjorlee who has put the school on a high plane of usefulness.

Resolved, That we respectfully request that the Maryland Legislature at its next session appropriate the sum of \$70,000 for the purpose of erecting a new building to be used for school-rooms, same being urgently needed at the Maryland State School for the Deaf.

Resolved, That we mourn the death of Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, late President of the Board of Visitors, who had shown his deep interest for the deaf and had done much for the advancement of the school during his term of office.

Resolved, That our thanks are due and be extended to the following:

To the Board of Visitors for generously opening the doors of the school that we may enjoy ourselves in reunion.

To the superintendent, matron and housekeeper and their assistants for their efforts to make our stay pleasant and comfortable.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Faupel, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Benson, Miss McAndrew and Mr. McVernon for their labors in helping to make the reunion a success.

To *The News-Post* for the press publicity given to the reunion.

To Prof. Ignatius Bjorlee for securing to the deaf the removal of the Auto Commissioner's ruling against them and thus enabling them to drive their own autos on the highways of the state.



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

Anna Keightley, a New York flapper



Pathe Lee Kirkland
Albany, Ala.

Our Deaf and Dumb

"And they bring unto Him one Deaf and Dumb"

(An article by "D." in "The Cape.")



T. JOHN'S ANGELICAN CHURCH in Capetown is nominally in Long Street; but it lies at the extreme, the Dock-road edge of that thoroughfare—its yellowed and smoke-grimed old edifice slipping down the slope of Riebeeck street into the throbbing heart of the motoring and garaging area of the new city. Its old and venerable stone walls, surmounted by their plain cross, rise on an incongruous summit above the endless traffic of motor repairs and motor construction and above the streets of plate glass windows, through which you get sight of gleaming cars—two seaters and five seaters and seven seaters, and racers and limousines, all glowing and flashing with efficiency and importance and thirsting for the adventures of the road.

But this was a Sunday afternoon and all about St. John's Church was Sabbath peace, a sequestered silence. You heard scarcely a sound, save the distant squeak and rumble of a tram-car as it took the greatest curves of Strand street. Outside the harsh iron fence that encloses the little dull cement yard in front of St. John's a number of Europeans were standing in little groups on the asphalted hill. But no sound came from them either to disturb the Sunday afternoon silence of this Long street back-water.

For they were deaf and dumb!

But first I must tell you of how I came to attend this service of the Deaf-and-Dumb in this grey old church of St. John's. Some months ago I made a friend of the Rev. Mr. Blaxall who was a minister at St. John's and is now the Anglican Rector of Maitland. As he is among the most modest and shrinking of clergymen that I know (among all denominations I must risk his displeasure in giving you a little picture of him. Impossible to tell his age. He may be thirty, or thirty-five or forty even—judging by his experiences in the late war where he worked as a soldier and a padre in Far-Eastern Europe and learned a score of Oriental languages and dialects. There is nothing in or about Europe that he does not know. He can talk to you of his impressions of St. Peter's, Rome, of St. Paul's, London; of his experiences in the orthodox Greek Churches with their bewildering and mystical ceremonial; of the temples of the Moslems and the Turks of the East. Long and lean as a pole, restless upon his long thin legs, he has the electric qualities of the "live wire." He looks strange and incongruous in his clerical collar and short coat. For he has no sense of parsonic repose. He is on edge all the time, restless for the glory of Divine Service in its fullest sense. I have never met a man with so small a chin and so strong a character. His thin, fresh-colored face is surmounted by a broad, troubled-looking brow that holds a restless sense of endeavour, an unwearying purpose. His hair is of the color of spun gold (like his careless moustache) and it hangs over his forehead in a wave which he has a habit of pushing off his eyebrows in moments of undue excitement. Picture him then, tall, willowy, like a reed shaken in the South-east wind, calling for me at 3:30 of a Sunday afternoon to attend the Deaf-and-Dumb service at St. John's. He drove up in his little Citroen, a gift from a parishioner for the sake of the Deaf-and-Dumb.

We had a puncture in Sir Lowry-road; it took him exactly two and three quarters of a minute to put on the spare wheel and fasten the other up. His long arms and his thin agile fingers seemed to move with incredible swiftness. He changed that tire as swiftly as he might change a collar.

We were ten minutes late at St. John's and the congregation was waiting on the hill beside the church. Mr. Blaxall semaphored his message to them in the Deaf-and-Dumb alphabet; and in a minute the groups had broken up and taken their places under the pulpit.

Not a very large congregation to-day, because it is just after Christmas and there had been a great rally this Christmas. Nevertheless there are some who have come a long way for this service from places up country, even as far as Caledon. Plenty of room for them, however, in the old grey church where the sun illumines the stained glass windows and casts a gentle glow on the dim altar with its plain white cross of marble and unlighted candles and white flowers in brass vases.

Possibly you picture the service to this afflicted congregation, deprived of hearing and speech, as pathetic, tragic, heart-breaking. I did not find it so. There was a curious joyousness and vigor about it that stirred and amazed me. Here was this decent and upright and vigorous congregation who had lost (if they had ever heard it) the sound of the human voice, as decorous, as eager, as joyous as any little congregation that ever enjoyed the blessed gifts of speech and hearing. Fine, tall upstanding men in their Sunday clothes ushering into pews—with gentle gestures and that amazingly swift alphabet of the fingers—girls in silk stockings and dainty white shoes and crepe-de-chine dresses whose slender and beautiful throats rose from graceful breasts and whose bobbed and shingled hair was drawn in fascinating bunches over their delicate ears. It gave you a pang to remember suddenly in the silence of the grey church that these young throats are speechless and silent forever; and that these pretty ears hear no voice, no sound, nothing at all.

There are elderly and old men and women too; and here and there a little child who can himself or herself speak and hear; but who talks to his parents in that swift code of the finger language.

Mr. Blaxall, tall, lean, in his black and scarlet gown and surplice and with his golden hair sweeping his forehead enters, and takes long steps to the pulpit. The service begins. It is no easy task to describe this, the most curious and certainly one of the most impressive services I have ever attended. For one thing, my friend Mr. Blaxall does not rely wholly on the Deaf-and-Dumb alphabet. He uses it, certainly all through the service, his fingers and palms moving with bewildering rapidity. But he delivers the service in spoken language; for there are a good many of his congregation who can follow lip-language; that is to understand what is said by watching the movement of the lips. But what astonished and impressed me most of all was Mr. Blaxall's use of gesture. Though he was talking aloud in the little church where I, the only person with hearing could listen, and speaking with his swift fingers the language which I was the only one that could not see; it was his

wonderful gift of gesture which made the service eloquent, real and personal.

Let me try and give a brief description of his method. You must picture him in the little wooden pulpit with his eloquent hands throwing back the folds of his wide surplice sleeves. "Our Father" (finger pointing above), which art in heaven (wide motion with both hands suggesting an illimitable realm). They will be done on earth (circular motion with both hands indicative of a huge globe). Give us this day our daily bread (motion of the mouth as eating) and forgive us our trespasses (hands joined in penitence).

It was the Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany. He read from his low pulpit the lesson of the visit of the Three Kings to the Stable of Bethlehem—in definite, shortly-cut, abrupt passages, his lips mouthing the words; his hands sweeping in wide movement; his fingers tapping out the dumb alphabet. "There came the three wise kings (circular motion of the hand round the head to suggest a kingly crown) out of the East (wide sweep of the left arm towards the East window of the church); and they found the infant in his mother's arms (motion of rocking a baby to sleep in arms). And the kings offered to the babe gifts of gold (pointing to the ring on his finger) frankincense (motion of a thurible throwing up clouds of incense) and myrrh (banging of the palms together) And the wise kings being warned in a dream (gesture of sleeping) went away over the seas (up and down motion of water swelling to a horizon) into their own country.

Then the hymn in the Deaf and Dumb alphabet with Mr. Blaxall still in his pulpit, illustrating its words with his restless dramatic gestures. And then the blessing, with all heads bowed. . . . The silent congregation filed out of the little grey church. . . . A few minutes later I met most of them at tea in the old schoolroom which is like a crypt of the church, where Mr. Blaxall was more than ever the "live wire"—his golden locks smeared over his perspiring forehead, his long lithe figure restless as it bounded about the room, asking his friends on his fingers if they wouldn't have more cake or another cup of tea. And he introduced me to many of them in his finger-language and his gestures (gesture of writing to tell them that I wrote for the Press).

I sat at the centre table amongst a host of joyous and happy faces in a queer, yet not distressing, silence which was broken only by the rattle of the teacups and the plates. In the whole room there was no sound of human voice, no sense of human hearing but Mr. Blaxall's and my own. And in some vague, curious and inconsequent way I felt that we with our gifts of tongue and hearing were outsiders.

They were the elect of Him upon whom He laid His hands. And I hope my friend Mr. Blaxall will not accuse me of exaggeration or flattery if I say that in the words of the Evangelist "he hath done all things well; he hath made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."

New Hubby: "Married at last! Let's take the train and go home. Now we are really one!"

Practical Wife: "Yes, dear, but don't forget to buy tickets for two."

Dentist: "I didn't know you had had this tooth filled before. I see there's some gold on my drill."

Patient: "I think you must have struck my back collar stud."

Why Can't We Have One?

Editor Times-Republican:—We wonder why Iowa, a good and wealthy farming state doesn't have a home for deaf-mutes.

Several other states have homes and Iowa certainly could support one. Many well educated deaf-mutes are willing to help all they can with work and money. I understand at Dubuque there is a fund of a few thousand dollars collected waiting for the time when a home may be operated. Contributions are asked annually.

In each county in the state there would be appointed a committee interested in the project, and some trust company could take charge of the money and receive donations. It might be several years before we could build a home, but we could ask our representatives to present a bill asking for a home and probably some city centrally located would donate ground for buildings. I do not think it would take a very large one to begin with, and the women members could care for the house and the men the ground. There are many deaf-mutes in Iowa who are growing old and who are unable to work much, and some who are crippled and many out of employment. Some of these are at the poor farms, and some have a hard time to get along.

We older graduates should get busy and start this plan, and there are more deaf-mutes coming along each year who will help carry along the work. I would like all the mutes who read this to send me a list of the mutes whom they know to be dependent on charity or very poor relatives; whether they are in the county house and if crippled or blind.

Most every county in Iowa has a county farm. Why not give one in the whole state to the deaf-mutes? We don't want the home called "poor house," but "the home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes." Some mutes have no homes but are good workers, but when let out of a job are forced to go to the county farms. Our legislature could pass a law taxing every county for its share to support such a home. I think the tax would be very small in some counties and not very great in others. They should also have a good chapel and there are deaf-mute ministers who would give their time once or twice a month or a week. The home probably could be furnished with donations and many people would give books and magazines. Some mutes are fortunate in having money and relatives. Others are not wanted by their relatives.

At a home, I think to begin with, one caretaker who understands the ways and talk of the mutes, and one matron, would be all that would be required.

In placing this matter before the public I have in mind many wealthy people who have no relatives, or who wish to leave their money to churches and charitable institutions. I think if this is brought to their notice they will see in it a good way to leave a lasting monument to their memory. A home could be called after the beneficiary. I am only one of many deaf-mutes myself and am not able to contribute much, yet I have been fortunate so far in having good relatives and good health. I trust that some people who have influence will consider this matter and help us out with this plan.

Respectfully,

MILLIE WORTHINGTON HEMSTREET.

In an Impromptu Don Quixotic Tilt with a Modern Wind Mill, called Automobile, with Dire Results to Himself

By A. V. BALLIN



NLY a few short months ago I visited this great and beautifully equipped County Hospital as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ormond E. Lewis, whose sister is a nurse there. Certainly this hospital is one of the largest in this country, and so it looked to me as I took dinner there with over five hundred nurses assembled in its dining hall.

It would have elicited a sarcastic smile out of me if a suggestion were offered that I might be carried there, lying flat on my back on a stretcher, to remain as a penitent (?) patient some time. But as such I have been for two mortal weeks, cogitating on the uncertainties of life in this world.

On Saturday midnight, July 10th, I took a blind deaf mute, Louis C. Schuman, from the Los Angeles Silent Club to his home on Harvard Boulevard, near Third Street. On my way back to the city, I walked along the latter street to the next one called Hobart Boulevard. I paused before crossing it, and all looked deserted and quiet. I had to turn and cross Third Street to board a trolley car going down town. I took scarcely two or three steps when the catastrophe overtook me. The reports of the police and three witnesses show that the driver was drunk and going at full speed behind me and turning a sharp turn.

The next instant, I felt as though I was lifted off my feet and hurled off the top of the tallest sky scraper conceivable. My first emotion was that of vexation at being disturbed while conjugating an original apostrophe. Next I saw myself diving through a narrow shaft of incalculable depth. At first I felt frightened, but soon I was fascinated with the delightful sensation and bewitchery of rolling gently through space with an ever accelerating speed, never wishing it to end. I never worried over the final landing which seemed to be miles and miles away. I imagined that in falling through the narrow well, I was pushing down the air under me, compressing it so densely that it would recoil me with beautiful resiliency and that I would then slide softly through the nearly solidified air and land on a great cushion of eider down.

I felt that I went through enough of this fol-de-rol, and that it was about time for me to get up and go about my business. To my astonishment, I awoke to the consciousness that I was flat on my back in the middle of the street, staring at twinkling stars, dazzling headlights of automobiles whizzing to and fro, and gazing at a fast gathering of people, a policeman or two. I tried to arise and failed, so numb I was everywhere except in my arms which were not hurt. The police talked to me, and, of course, I could not answer orally. I recollected that I carried, in my inside coat-pocket, my address book containing my visiting cards. I fished out one and handed it to the cop.

From sheer weariness I let myself fall back, never caring worth a fig what should befall me afterward. I was gently lifted and carried to the corner grass-plot to await the arrival of the expected ambulance, which came almost instantly to transport my inert self to the receiving hospital. There my wounds were dressed. The

main injuries were an ugly gash on the forehead running from the roots of my curls to the right eyebrow, in the middle and over to the right cheek bone, deep cuts and bruises on the left leg, bruises on right knee and ankle, and a few other minor cuts elsewhere and a violent wrenching of the neck. I am sure I was hit first on the left leg by the auto-fender, and cast head foremost several yards hitting the asphalted street with my head. Perhaps my life was saved by the hardness of my skull. My glasses and teeth were shaken out. One plate was found on the top of an eucalyptus tree, and the upper plate was found at the door of Mrs. Rother's house. If she saw it first, she might have saved it to press artistic borders on her pies. These details are mere conjectures on my part, and never proved yet. Anyway, the glasses and plates were restored to me intact for a wonder.

The cut on the forehead was stitched with fifteen metal clasps, my left leg swathed in bandages and then I was put in a bed under an electric heater to thaw out the cold that shivered my body. After a while I was carried away in another ambulance to this General Hospital.

For the first two or three days I was inert like a log, incapable of turning my head sideways without help, my eyes swollen and bandaged, leaving a narrow slit over the left one, out of which I peeped upon my surroundings. What impressed me forcibly in looking around were the diminutive sizes of the nurses, doctors and everyone else. How shrunken humanity has withered! Was it a policy of this hospital to take on only Lilliputians to take care of giants? But how cute the nurses looked, making me think of and sigh for little May McAvoy, Madge Bellamy, Norma Shearer and Laura La Plante. What would they think of the plight their friend was in? Not until a few days later, when I could raise my head, I began to see it was an illusion caused by the height of all the beds, which is three feet high, creating deceptive perspectives when you are lying flat on your back.

Spectre-like floated the nurses and attendants, the solid cemented floors giving out no vibrations, not the least sound discernable to my deafened ears. Their immaculate white uniforms, topped with dainty toques, intensified their resemblance to gliding ghosts in the dim flickering light of the few electric lamps during the nights. So sweet are their mien that I was attracted rather than repelled. So gentle and soft are their motions, never hurried or flurried, but not one movement wasted in exact administration of help and relief to the patients. The business of a nurse is one of the noblest and sweetest, a blessing to suffering humanity—a gentle shower of mercy from Heaven. I almost hated the idea of recovering health and leaving this haven of rest and freedom from the worry and turmoil of the outer world. Nevertheless I have one querulous complaint to air. It is the general ignorance among the hearing people of the manual alphabet and signs of the deaf. With extreme difficulties could I make known my wants by writing on a pad, and it was impossible for me to read what they wrote to me—so persistent they were in writing in small, faint characters until my glasses were restored to

me—"What," I asked, "would you do when you have other deaf patients?" They looked puzzled, and promised to learn our language.

I found, later on, that a good many deaf people came to this hospital. There were three while I was there at that time. One is a nice little boy of eight, and it was a great comfort to him when I was taken to him to interpret his wants to the doctor and nurses through the sign language.

I am exceedingly grateful to the many friends, mostly from the movie industry world, for coming to see me and bringing flowers, fruit and no end of dainties. Quite a few of them were my deaf friends. Such visits greatly alleviate sufferings of the patients, both physical and moral.

Half an hour ago the doctor assured me that I can go back home in two days.....and out into the world with the blazing red streak of Cain on my brow, proclaiming to all mankind the heinous crime committedagainst Cain.

Los Angeles General Hospital, California,
July 20, 1926.

Florida Is Record Relief Operation For Red Cross

ONE of the largest relief and rehabilitation programs in the history of the United States was launched in Florida under direction of the American Red Cross, following the hurricane there in September.

Following a careful survey by experienced disaster relief executives of the Red Cross, Chairman John Barton Payne stated that the task was the largest since the San Francisco fire and earthquake of 1905. It was stressed that the problem was a human one, involving as it did the restoration to normal of small home-owners whose resources were gone, and assistance to complete recovery of the seriously injured.

In disasters in which the Red Cross has served, it has become more and more a standardized part of the relief operation not only to furnish emergency first aid, food and shelter, but following these measures, to scientifically restore every disaster sufferer to a predisaster status as far as conditions permit. This is the most complex part of the work and in which the Red Cross performs a service to the country.

In the course of such relief operations the Red Cross in the past has rebuilt individual homes and even whole towns and communities; it has restored the business establishments of individual disaster victims when such steps were made necessary to the individual's complete rehabilitation; it has set up trust funds for widows and orphans and has endeavored to help them to an independent status again. Seriously injured disaster victims have received not only the best medical care the disaster forces could supply, but the best in the country was made available to assist in their complete recovery.

All these steps have marked past disaster relief operations. The largest recent disaster relief problem before Florida was occasioned by the Midwest tornado of March 1925. This storm killed 800, injured more than 3,000, and 6,847 families of approximately 30,000 individuals all told were made homeless. Relief operations were completed exactly a year afterwards, and from their inception to the close of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1926, there was expended by the Red Cross a total of \$3,297,537.67 for relief to the sufferers in that catastro-

phe. Incidentally, Red Cross officials emphasize that relief funds contributed for disaster are restricted to expenditure for that purpose. The Red Cross organization bears the cost of administering such funds, leaving every penny for relief.

In Florida, Red Cross authorities point out, the usually large problem there is given a different aspect by the further necessity of record speed in completing the work due to the special requirements of that State. Chairman John Barton Payne of the American Red Cross announced the determination of the organization to do its work in Florida in record fast time. For that purpose there was an unusual concentration of experienced disaster relief workers from every part of the country under the Red Cross in Florida. The expense of this augmented force is borne by the National Organization, as is customary. The personnel in Florida was drawn from the disaster reserve of the Red Cross, a development of recent experience which showed the Red Cross the necessity of having trained forces available for duty at the moment's notice in every part of the country. This reserve includes those experienced in rehabilitation practice. Many got valuable experience in large-scale operation in the Midwest disaster. The fact that Florida had in the past year overhauled her own Red Cross organization, especially with reference to nursing committees, facilitated early relief. The work of another great organization in Florida, the American Legion, won the praise of Vice Chairman James L. Fieser, in charge of the Red Cross domestic operations, and now Acting Chairman of the Red Cross.

The Legion's National organization recently took cognizance of their usefulness in such emergencies, as proven in the past, by drawing up formal plans for co-operation by veterans with the local authorities and Red Cross in all disasters.

Altogether the American Red Cross rendered service in 62 disasters in the United States the past fiscal year, which of course is exclusive of Florida, and in 28 foreign disasters. Since 1905 it has served the United States in 805 such events.

Disaster relief is a major service of the American Red Cross, made a part of its official responsibilities by Congressional Charter. In addition the Red Cross serves through many other branches both at home and abroad. The Tenth Annual Roll Call, November 11 to 25, is to enroll the membership from which Red Cross service derives its support.



Devils' Oven

The above picture sent us by Mrs. Grant S. Edgerly, of Waverly, Iowa, is one of several views of the "Devils' Oven" in the State Park, situated forty-five miles from Waterloo, Iowa. The park is full of beautiful scenery which attracts thousands of sightseers and picnic parties

THE DEAF WORLD

An International Congress of the Deaf will be held at Algeria in 1930. The affair is being organized by the Association of Algerian Deaf and the deaf club of Northern Africa as part of the celebration in commemoration of the 100th year of the taking of Algeria.—*California News*.

WHEN A MAN'S DEAF

I recently met one of the most uplifting optimists it has ever been my good fortune to know," said the Young-Old Philosopher.

"He was deaf, and was forced to use an ear trumpet, and even then to watch the lips of those who were speaking to him.

"Oh, yes, I know how awful you others think it is," he said, smiling; "but just think of all the nonsense I never have to listen to—all the stupid gossip that goes by me; all that petty persiflage which only serves to store the brain with—nothing! Shut off as I am I have come to enjoy life hugely, in a way that you people who hear know nothing of. No one speaks to me now unless he really has something to say—and you would be surprised how seldom that is! I am like a walled garden, beautifully aloof from the clamor of the world, serene in my quiet, happy in my privacy."—*From the Designer Magazine for September*.

DANGER OF NEGLECT

Deafness developing in middle life very often has back of it a history of ear trouble in childhood according to ear specialists. This is the reason Dr. Malcolm K. Smith, a member of the longevity staff of the Prudential Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J., stresses the danger of neglecting earache in children. Too often uninformed parents dismiss it as "just a cold" and believe rubbing with camphorated oil or an ointment will remedy the trouble.

"Earache may be due to different causes" said Dr. Smith, "none of which will be helped by outward applications. In many instances the presence of adenoids or inflamed tonsils obstruct the eustachian tubes which, opening just above the tonsils, lead to the inner ear.

"Little children are also very susceptible to the common cold in the head. The nasal passages become inflamed, the resulting mucous cannot drain through the nasal passages and so infects the channel into the ear. It is the beginning of trouble that is very likely to manifest itself later in life. A catarrhal condition is set up, that will become chronic unless prompt measures are employed.

"Children will not 'outgrow' ear trouble. It will become worse as the years go by."—*Deaf Mutes Journal*.

UNIQUE BELFAST SERVICE

ORDINATION OF DEAF-MUTE ELDERS

There was a large attendance of deaf-mutes and friends at the service held at Kingham Mission on Sunday evening, when a commission appointed by Belfast Presbytery, consisting of Rev. S. Thompson, M. A.; Rev. R. Park, B. A., LL. B. Rev. J. M. M'Ilrath, B. A.; Rev. R. W. Dodds, B. A., and the following elders—Messrs. Kane, Crescent; Ruthford, Donegall Pass; Cassells, Great Victoria Street; Higginson, Windsor; Williamson, May St. and Stockman, Richview, ordained six elders, viz.—Messrs. Andrew Verner, Robert Craig, Thomas B. Smith, Richard Sproule, Robert Sproule, and Andrew Lyons.

The service conducted by the commission was interpreted in sign by Rev. R. W. Dodds. Rev. R. Parke took the opening exercises and read the warrant, while Rev. S. Thompson read the Rule of Faith and put the questions to the new elders, who then subscribed to the Westminster Confession of Faith. Following the ordination, Rev. J. M. M'Ilrath addressed the new elders and the congregation, and Rev. S. Thompson closed with prayer and the Benediction.

The service was most impressive, and, indeed, unique, this being the first occasion on which deaf-mute elders were ordained in the Irish Presbyterian Church.

The fact must be very gratifying to the Church and to the Assembly's committee of the mission being a high tribute to the faithful service of Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Dodds, who have been connected with the mission for the past twenty-seven years.—*Belfast Telegraph*, May 24, 1926.

FAITH K. STAFFORD JOINED IN MARRIAGE TO GORDON KISSOCK

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason Stafford, 3104 West Lake Street, announce the marriage of their niece, Miss Faith Kidder Stafford, to Gordon Kiscock of this city, which took place yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Dr. Russel Henry Stafford, pastor of Pilgrim Congregational church St. Louis Mo., formerly of Minneapolis, read the service in the presence of a small group of the immediate relatives. The ceremony took place in the living room at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stafford before an improvised altar of rubrum lilies, cosmos, and ferns. The bride wore her travel gown of navy blue frost crepe, and her flowers were a corsage bouquet of orchids, gardenias, and rose buds. Her only ornament was a diamond

and sapphire pin, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. and Mrs. Kiscock have gone West. They will be at home after November 1 at Edgewater Court, 1805 West Lake street. Among the out of town guests were Henry Lothrop Stafford, of Duluth, father of the bride, and Dr. and Mrs. Russell Henry Stafford, and daughter Anne, of St. Louis. Mrs. Kiscock is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and a member of Delta Gamma sorority, and Mr. Kiscock attended the university and belongs to Beta Theta Pi fraternity.—*The Minneapolis Journal*.

DEAF SCHOOL PUPILS GIVE FINE PAGEANT

"THE ENCHANTED THORN" WITNESSED LAST NIGHT BY LARGEST CROWD EVER SEEN ON CAMPUS

The largest number of automobiles ever seen on the School for the Deaf campus here was present last night when the school's annual pageant, "The Enchanted Thorn," was presented by 110 pupils.

The pageant was the most pretentious ever attempted at the school, and the ability of the deaf children to carry their parts through thrilled the large audience. The play was staged on the south shore of the school lake, with a wall background about which draped tall hollyhocks, while along the end of the pond was a border of poppies.

Staged under the supervision of Miss Edith Hamilton, the pageant told a story of the days of chivalry, and throughout Ronald Graham as the dwarf was the outstanding young actor, keeping the action going in a remarkable manner and deeply impressing the audience with his splendid work. The dance of the Milkmaids in the second episode was unusually good, in view of the inability of the young dancers to hear the music played by the orchestra. However, they kept perfect time, and demonstrated a grace of movement hardly excelled by children possessed of all their faculties. Robin Hood, played by Louis Burns, and his men, appeared in the fourth episode and greatly amused the spectators with their actions. Another outstanding group was the Brownies, who carried their parts well.

Following is the cast of characters, each of whom acquitted himself or herself in a manner that bespoke intensive training, augmented by the willingness of the pupils to give their best to make the pageant the great success it proved to be:

The King, Otto Thykeson; The Queen,

Verna Welsh; The Dwarf, Ronald Graham; Maid Marian, Louise Gronning; Robin Hood, Louis Burns; Friar Tuck, Arne Gaasland; The Knight, Alpheus Wisler; The Squire, Elmer Lindemoen; The Mother Witch, Katie Miltenberger; The Fairy Queen, Alma Schroeder; Brownie King, Gordon Clarke; Chimney Sweeps, Robin Hood's band, The Heralds.

The pageant again demonstrated what the School for the Deaf is accomplishing for those children of the state who are the young actors performed indicates an enviable state of contentment. Many who saw the pageant last night were deeply impressed with results which the faculty, under Superintendent B. W. Driggs, is attaining, and the excellence of the performance, and the willingness of the pupils and their happy co-operation were indicative of the tremendous importance of the school to the state and the community.

Music during the pageant was furnished by an orchestra under the direction of Miss Mary Cairns at the piano. All the costumes, even the shoes, worn by the performers were made by the pupils in their various departments.—*Devils Lake Journal*.

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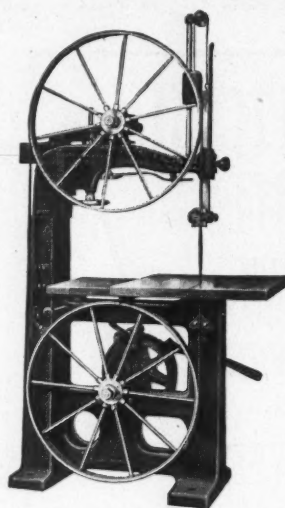
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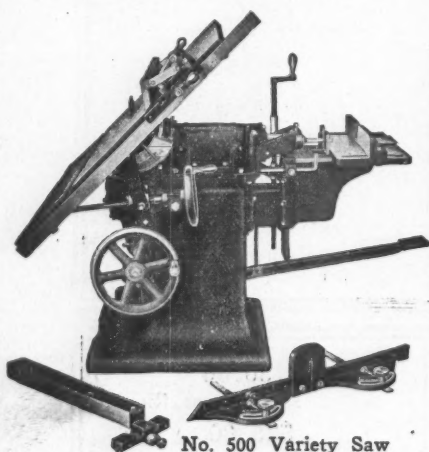
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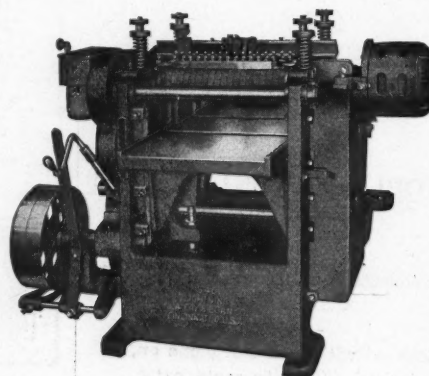
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The Nebraska Journal (Omaha, Nebraska)50	2.00	2.00 .50
The Oregon Outlook (Salem, Oregon)50	2.00	2.00 .50
The Pelican (Baton Rouge, Louisiana)50	2.00	2.00 .50
The Register (Rome, New York)50	2.00	2.00 .50
The School Helper (Cave Springs, Georgia)75	2.00	2.25 .50
The Silent Worker Supplement (to New Jersey only)	1.00	2.00	2.00 1.00
The Virginia Guide (Staunton, Va.)	1.00	2.00	2.25 .75
The Volta Review (including membership in the A. P. O. S. D.	3.00	2.00	4.50 .50
The Washingtonian (Vancouver, Washington)50	2.00	2.00 .50
The West Virginia Tabet (Romney, West Va.)	1.00	2.00	2.25 .75
We And Our Government	1.50	2.00	2.50 1.00
We And Our History	1.80	2.00	2.80 1.00
We And Our Work	1.15	2.00	3.00 1.15
Life Membership in the N. A. D.	10.00	2.00	11.50 .50
Yearly Dues National Association of the Deaf	1.00	2.00	2.50 .50
Membership in National Association of the Deaf	1.00	2.00	2.50 .50
Winston Simplified Dictionary	1.20	2.00	2.70 .50

(Those already life members may send \$1.50, provided letters of credit are shown.)

A Note to Santa Claus

If Santa Claus should stumble,
As he climbs the chimney tall,
With all this ice upon it,
I'm 'fraid he'd get a fall
And smash himself to pieces
To say nothing of the toys!
Dear me, what sorrow that would bring
To all the girls and boys!
So I'm going to write a note
And pin it to the gate;
I'll write it large, so he can see,
No matter if it's late,
And say, "Dear Santa Claus, don't try
To climb the roof to-night,
But walk right in, the door's unlocked,
The nursery's on the right!"